

*Do not to be stamped or Cat*

THE  
LIFE  
AND  
CHARACTER  
OF  
*Mr. John Philips.*

By Mr. SEWELL.

The THIRD EDITION.

LONDON.

Printed for E. CURLL, next the  
Temple Coffee-house, in Fleet-Street,  
MDCCXX.







THE  
LIFE  
OF  
Mr. JOHN PHILIPS.

**A**FTER we have read the Works of a Poet with Pleasure, and reflected upon them with Improvement, we are naturally apt to inquire into his Life, the Manner of his Education, and other little Circumstances which give a new Beauty to his Writings, and let us into the Genius and Character of their Author. To satisfy this general Inclination, and do some Justice to the Memory of

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of Mr. *Philips*, we shall give the World a short Account of him, and his few, but excellent Compositions. Sufficient they were, tho' few, to his Fame, but not to our Wishes.

HE was the Son of Dr. *Stephen Philips*, Arch-Deacon of *Salop*, born at *Bampton* in *Oxfordshire*, December the 30th, Anno 1676. After he was well grounded in Grammar-Learning, he was sent to *Winchester-School*, where he made himself Master of the *Latin* and *Greek* Languages, and was soon distinguished for a happy Imitation of the Excellencies, which he discovered in the best Classical Authors.

WITH this Foundation of good Learning, and very early Promises of a farther Improvement in all useful Studies, he was removed to *Christ-Church* in *Oxford*. From his first Entrance into that University, he was very much esteemed for the Simplicity of his Manners, the Agreeableness of his Conversation, and the uncommon Delicacy of his Genius. All his University Exercises were received with Applause; and in that Place, so famous for good Sense, and a true Spirit, he, in a short time, grew to be superiour to most of his Contemporaries; where, to have been their Equal only, had  
been

been a sufficient Praise. There it was, that following the natural Bent of his Genius, beside other valuable Authors, he became acquainted with Mr. *Milton*, whom he studied with Application, and traced him in all his successful Translations from the Ancients. There was not an Allusion in his *Paradise Lost*, drawn from the Thoughts, or Expressions of *Homer*, or *Virgil*, which he could not immediately refer to; and by that, He perceived what a peculiar Life, and Grace, their Sentiments added to *English* Poetry; how much their Images raised its Spirit; and what Weight and Beauty their Words, when Translated, gave to its Language. Nor was he less curious in observing the Force and Elegancy of his Mother-Tongue, but, by the Example of his Darling *Milton*, searched backwards into the Works of our Old *English* Poets, to furnish himself with proper, sounding, and significant Expressions, and prove the due Extent, and Compass of the *Language*. For this purpose, he carefully read over *Chaucer*, and *Spenser*; and, afterwards, in his Writings, did not scruple to revive any Words, or Phrases, which he thought deserved it; with that modest Liberty, which *Horace* allows of, either in the Coining of new, or Restoring of antient Expressions. Yet tho' he was a professed Admirer of these Authors, it was not



from any View of appearing in Publick ; for such was his Modesty, that he was the only Person who did not think himself qualified for it : He read for his own Pleasure ; and Writing was the only thing he declined, wherein he was capable of pleasing others. Nor was he so in Love with Poetry, as to neglect any other Parts of good Literature, which either their Usefulness, or his own Genius, excited him to pursue. He was very well versed in the whole Compass of Natural Philosophy ; and seemed, in his Studies, as well as his Writings, to have made *Virgil* his Pattern, and often to have broke out with him into the following rapturous Wish ;

*Me verò primum dulces ante omnia Musa,*

*Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore,*

*Accipiant ; cœlique vias & sidera monstrent ;*

*Defectus Solis varios, Lunaque labores :*

*Undè tremor terris ; quâ vi maria alta tumescant*

*Objicibus ruptis, rursusque in se ipsa residant :*

*Quid tantum Oceano properent se tingere Soles*

*Hyberni ; vel quæ tardis mora noctibus obstet.*

Georg. lib. II.

*Give*

*Give me the Ways of wandring Stars to know,  
The Depths of Heaven above, and Earth below;  
Teach me the various Labours of the Moon,  
And whence proceed th' Eclipses of the Sun.  
Why flowing Tides prevail upon the Main,  
And in what dark Recess they shrink again.  
What shakes the solid Earth, what Cause delays,  
The Summer Nights, and shortens Winter Days.*  
Dryden.

MR. Philips was no less passionate an Admirer of Nature; and, it is probable, that he drew his own Character, in that Description which he gives of a Philosophical and Retired Life, at the latter End of the first Book of his *CYDER*.

-----He to his Labours hies,  
Gladsome, intent on somewhat that may ease  
Unhealthy Mortals, and with curious Search  
Examines all the Properties of Herbs,  
Fossils and Minerals, that th' embowell'd Earth  
Displays;

# *The LIFE of*

*Displays, if by his Industry he can*

*Benefit Human Race. -----*

AND we have good Reason to believe, that much might have been attained to, many new Discoveries made, by so diligent an Enquirer, and so faithful a Recorder of Physical Operations. However, tho' Death prevented our Hopes in that respect, yet the admirable Passages of that Kind, which we find in his Poem on *CYDER*, may convince us of the Niceness of his Observations in Natural Causes: Beside this, he was particularly skilled in all manner of Antiquities, especially those of his own Country; and Part of this too, he has, with much Art and Beauty, intermixed with his *Poetry*.

As to his private Character, he was beloved by all that knew him, and admired by those who did not; somewhat reserved, and silent among Strangers, but free, familiar, and easy with his Friends: The first was, the Effect of his Modesty; the latter, of his chearful Innocence: The one was, the proper Caution of a Wise Man; the other, the good Humour of a Friend. He was averse to contentious Disputes; and thought no Time so ill spent, and no Wit so ill used, as that which was employed in such Debates. Thus he never contributed to the

Uneasi-



Uneasiness of his Company, but often to their Instruction, always to their Pleasure. As on the one hand, he declined all Strokes of *Satire* ; so, on the other, he detested Flattery as much ; and, I believe, would rather have been contented with the Character of a dull Man, than that of a witty, or servile one, at the Expence of his Humanity, or Sincerity. This Sincerity, indeed, was his distinguishing Character ; and made him as dear to all good Men, as his Wit and Learning did to all Favourers of true Sense, and Letters.

UPON all these Accounts, during his Stay in the University, he was honoured with the Acquaintance of the best and politest Men in it ; many of whom, who now make considerable Figures, both in the State, and in the Republick of Learning, would think it no Disgrace to have their Names mentioned, as Mr. *Philips's* Friends. And here we must not omit that particular Friendship which he contracted with Mr. *Edmund Smith*, Author of the incomparable Tragedy of *Phædra* and *Hippolitus* ; and who, upon his Decease, celebrated his Memory in a fine Poem ; and soon after, followed him to the Grave. These Two often communicated their Thoughts to each other ; and as their Studies lay the same Way, much to their mutual Satisfaction, and

and Improvement. For, as the Mind takes no greater Pleasure than in a free and unreserved Discovery of its own Notions, so it can reap no greater Profit than in the Correction it meets with from the Judgment of a sincere Friend. This, we make no doubt, was as pleasant as any part of Mr. *Phillips's* Life, who had a Soul capable of relishing all the finest Enjoyments of sublime, vertuous, and elegant Spirits. I am sure, Mr. *Smith*, in his Poem to his Memory, speaks of it as what most affected him, and pathetically complains for the Loss of it.

*Whom shall I find unbyass'd in Dispute,  
Eager to learn, unwilling to confute?  
To whom the Labours of my Soul disclose,  
Reveal my Pleasure, or discharge my Woes?  
Oh! in that Heav'nly Youth for ever ends  
The best of Sons, of Brothers, and of Friends.*

IT is to be deplored, indeed, that Two great Geniuses, in whose Power it was to have obliged the World so much, should make so short a Stay in it; tho' had their Date been longer, we can hardly say, that Time would have added any thing but Number to their Compositions. It was their  
Happiness

Happiness to give us all their Pieces perfect in their Kind; the Accuracy of their Judgment not suffering them to publish without the greatest Care and Correctness. For hasty Fruits, the common Product of every injudicious Fancy, seldom continue long, never come to Maturity, and are at best Food only for debauched and vitiated Palates. These Men thought, and considered before they sat down to write; and after they had written too, being ever the last Persons who were satisfied that they had performed well; and even then, perhaps, more in Compliment to the Opinion of others, than from the Conviction of their own Judgments.

BUT it is now time that we lead our Author from his University Friend to some of a higher Rank, among whom he met with an equal Applause and Admiration. The Reason of his coming to Town, was the Persuasion of some Great Persons, who engaged him to write upon the Battle of *BLEIN-HEIM*; and, how well their Expectations were answered, it will be more proper to mention when we speak of his Works. 'Tis enough at present to observe, that this POEM brought him into Favour and Esteem with \* Two of the most eminent En-

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\* *Earl of Oxford. And Viscount Bolingbroke.*



couragers and Patrons of Letters that have appeared in our Age: The one, famous for his Political Knowledge and Universal Learning; the other, distinguished for the different Talents of a refined and polite Genius, and an indefatigable Application to Business, joined with an exquisite and successful Penetration in Affairs of the highest Concern.

HOWEVER, tho' he was much respected by these, and other noble Patrons, yet from the modest Distrust he entertained of himself, it was not without some Pain that he enjoyed their Company; and the Fear of offending, oftentimes made him less studious of Pleasing. Such was the humble Opinion that he conceived of his own good Qualities, that it made them less conspicuous to others; as if he was ashamed that his Vertues were greater; he chose rather to obscure those which he really had, than to place them in that ornamental Light which they deserved. I speak this only with respect to his Conversation with his Superiors, who, knowing his true Worth, were more pleased with his Endeavours to disguise it, than if he had set it off with all the ostentatious Gaiety that Men of much Wit, but little Humility, and good Breeding, generally affect. As this decent Silence did not prejudice the Great against his Wit, so neither did his unsolici-  
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tous Easiness in his Fortune at all hinder the Marks of their Favour and Munificence. True it is, that he never prais'd any one with a sordid View, nor ever sacrificed his Sincerity to his Interest, having a Soul above ennobling the Vicious ; and as he gave his Characters with the Spirit of a *Poet*, he observed at the same time the Fidelity of an *Historian*. This, indeed, was a Part which distinguished him as much from almost all other Poets, as his Manner of Writing did ; he being one of those few who were equally averse to Flattery and Detraction. He never went out of his Way for a Panegyrick, or forced his Invention to be subservient to his Gratitude ; but interwove his Characters so well with the Thread of his Poetry, and adapted them so justly to the Merit of the Persons, that they all appear Natural, Beautiful, and of a Piece with the *Poem*. If it be reckoned difficult to praise well ; for our Author not to err, in such a Variety, is much more so, and looks like the masterly Hand of a great Painter, who can draw all sorts of Beauties, and at the same time that he gives them their proper Charms, happily distinguishes them from each other. In short, to pursue the Metaphor, there is nothing gaudy in his Colours, nothing stiff or affected in his Manner ; and all the Linea-

ments are so exact, that an indifferent Eye may, at first View, discover who sat for the Picture.

FROM this general View of his Writings, I shall now pass on to particular ; of which it is to be wished, there were a larger, as well as a better, than the following Account. I have heard a Story of an eminent Preacher, who, out of an obstinate Modesty, could never be prevailed upon to print but one Sermon, ( the best, perhaps, that ever passed the Press ) to which the Publick gave the Title of Dr. GRADOCK's WORKS. The same, with much Justice, may be given to the Poetical Compositions which our excellent *Author* has published, and which may challenge that Name more deservedly, than all the mighty Volumes of profuse and negligent Writers.

THE first of these, was the *Splendid Shilling* ; a Title as new and uncommon for a *Poem*, as his Way of adorning it was, and which, in the Opinion of one of the best and most unprejudic'd Judges of this Age, is the *finest Burlesque Poem in the British Language* ; \* nor was it only the

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\* See the Tatler, Numb. 250.



finest of that kind in our Tongue, but handled in a manner quite different from what had been made use of by any Author of our own, or other Nations; the Sentiments and Style being in this both new; whereas in those, the Jest lies more in Allusions to the Thoughts and Fables of the Ancients, than in the Pomp of the Expression. The same Humour is continued thro' the whole, and not unnaturally diversified, as most Poems of that Nature have been before. Out of that Variety of Circumstances, which his fruitful Invention must suggest to him on such a Subject, he has not chosen any but what are diverting to every Reader, and some, that none but his inimitable Dress could have made diverting to any. When we read it, we are betrayed into a Pleasure that we could not expect; tho', at the same time, the Sublimity of the Style, and Gravity of the Phrase, seem to chastise that Laughter which they provoke.

*In her best Light the comick Muse appears,*

*When she, with borrow'd Pride, the\* Buskin wears.*

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\* See Mr. Smith's Poem, before-mentioned.

THIS was the first Piece that made him known to the World ; and, tho' printed from an incorrect Copy, gained him an universal Applause ; and (as every thing new in its Kind does) set many Imitators to work ; yet none ever came up to the Humour and happy Turn of the Original. A genuine Edition of it came out some Years after ; for he was not so solicitous for Praise, as to hasten even that, which by the Earnest he received from the Publick, he might modestly assure himself would be a Procurer of it.

THE next of his Poems was that, entituled *BLEINHEIM* ; wherein he shews, that he could use the same sublime and nervous Style as properly on a serious and heroick Subject, as he had before done on one of a more light and ludicrous Nature. We have said before, at whose Request this was wrote : tho' he would willingly have declined that Undertaking, had not the powerful Incitements of his Friends prevailed upon him, to give up his Modesty to their Judgment. The *Exordium* of this Piece, is a just Allusion to the Beginning of the *Aeneid*, (if that be *VIRGIL's*) and that of *SPENSER's Fairy Queen*.

From

*From low and abject Themes the growling Muse  
Now mounts Aërial, to sing of Arms  
Triumphant, and emblaze the Martial Acts  
Of Britain's Hero ; -----*

THE Spirit is kept on the same to the End ; the Whole being full of Noble Sentiments, and Majestick Numbers, equal to the Hero whom it extolls ; and not admitting of any Rival, (except Mr. Addison's Campaign) on the same Occasion. I cannot forbear mentioning one beautiful Imitation of VIRGIL, in his Digression upon the Poetical *Elizium*, where the famous ----- *Tu Mercellus eris* ----- is so happily translated and applied, that it shews the Spirit of VIRGIL better than all the Labours of his Commentators : There, speaking of the late Marquis of BLANDFORD, he says ;

*Had thy presiding Star propitious shone,  
Shouldst CHURCHILL be ! -----*



THE Addresses to his Patrons are very fine and artificial; the first, just and proper; and the latter of *English* MEMMIUS, exactly apposite to him, to whom all the Polite Part of Mankind agree, in applying that of the *Roman*;

----- *Quem Tu Dea tempore in omni*

*Omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus.*

As to his *CYDER*, it is one (if not the only) finish'd Poem, of that Length, extant in our Language; the Foundation of that Work was laid, and the first Book compos'd at *Oxford*; the second, for the most part, in Town. He was determin'd to the Choice of that Subject, by the violent Passion he had, to do some Honour to his Native Country; and has therefore exerted all the Powers of Genius and Art to make it complete. It is founded upon the Model of *VIRGIL's Georgicks*; and comes the nearest of any other, to that admirable Poem, which the Criticks prefer to the Divine *Aeneid*. Yet, tho' it is easy to discern who was his Guide in that difficult Way, we may observe, that he comes after rather like a Pursuer, than a Follower, not tracing him Step after

after Step, but choosing those Paths in which he might easiest overtake him. All his Imitations are far from being servile, tho' sometimes very close; at other times, he brings in a new Variety, and entertains us with Scenes more unexpected and pleasing, perhaps, than his Masters themselves were to those who first saw that Work. The Conduct and Management are superiour to all other Copyers of that Original; and, even the admired *RAPIN* is much below him, both in Design and Success; for the *Frenchman* either fills his *Gardens* with the idle Fables of Antiquity, or new Transformations [of his own; and has, in Contradiction to his own Rules of Criticism, injudiciously blended the serious and sublime Style of *VIRGIL*, with the elegant Turns of *OVID* in his *Metamorphosis*. Nor has the great Genius of Mr. *COWLEY* succeeded better in his Books of *Plants*, who, besides the same Faults with the former, is continually varying his Numbers from one sort of Verse to another, and alluding to remote Hints of Medicinal Writers, which, tho' allow'd to be useful, are yet so numerous, that they flatten the Dignity of the Verse, and sink it from a *Poem* to a Treatise of *Physick*. It is not out of Envy to the Merit of these great  
Men

Men (and who will ever be such in spite of Envy) that we take Notice of these Mistakes, but only to shew the Judgment of him who followed them, in avoiding to commit the same. Whatever Scenes he presents us with, appear delicate and charming; the Philosophical Touches surprize, the Moral instruct, and the Gay Descriptions transport the Reader. Sometimes he opens the Bowels of the Earth; at others, he paints its Surface; sometimes he dwells upon its lower Products, and Fruits; at others, mounts to its higher and more stately Plantations, and then beautifies it with the innocent Pleasures of its Inhabitants. Here we are taught the Nature and Variety of Soils, there the Difference of Vegetables, the Sports of a Rural, the Retirement of a Contemplative Life, the working Genius of the Husbandman, the Industry of the Mechanick, contribute as much to diversify, as the due Praises of exalted Patriots, Heroes, and Statesmen, to raise and ennoble the Poetry. The Change of Seasons, and their Distinctions, introduced by the Rising and Setting of the Stars, the Effects of Heat, Cold, Showers, and Tempests, are in their several Places very ornamental, and their Descriptions inferiour only to those of *VIRGIL*.



It would be difficult, as well as useless, to give particular Instances of his Imitations of the last mentioned *Poet*: Men of Taste and Learning will themselves observe them with Pleasure; and it would be to no purpose to quote them to the Illiterate: To the one, it would be a sort of an Affront; to the other, but an insipid Entertainment. *MILTON*, we are informed, could repeat the best Part of *HOMER*; and the Person of whom we write, could do the same of *VIRGIL*, and by continually reading him, fortunately equalled the Variety of his Numbers. This alone ought to be a sufficient Answer to those who wish this *Poem* had been wrote in *Rhyme*, since then it must have lost half its Beauties; it being impossible, but that the same undistinguishible Tenour of Versification, and Returns of Close, should make it very unharmonious to a judicious and musical Ear. The best Judges of our Nation have given their Opinions against *Rhyme*, even they who used it with the greatest Admiration and Success, could not forbear condemning the Practice. I am not ignorant, to what a Height some modern Writers have carried this Art, and adapted it to express the most sublime *Ideas*; yet this has been in much shorter  
Poems

Poems than the present ; and I doubt not, but the same Persons would have rejected it, were they to write upon the like Occasion. I shall not so far enter into the Dispute concerning the Preference of these different Manners of Writing, as to state and answer the Objections on each side. It is true, Mr. *DRYDEN* thought that *MILTON*'s Choice of Blank Verse proceeded from his Inability to *Rhyme* well ; and, as good a Reason might easily be given for his own Choice ; it being certain, he had the perfect Art and Mystery of one, and could have been but second in the other.

HOWEVER, we leave this Question to be decided by those, whose Studies and Designs to excell in Poetry, may oblige them to a more exact Enquiry: For my part, I think it no more a Disreputation to Mr. *PHILIPS*, that he did not write in *Rhyme*, than it is to *VIRGIL*, that he has not composed *Odes* or *Elegies*. The Bent of our Genius is what we ought to pursue ; and if we answer our Designs in that, it is sufficient. The Criticks would make a Man laugh, to hear them gravely disputing from little Hints of those Authors, whether *VIRGIL* could not have writ bitter *Satyrs*, or *HORACE* a good *Epick Poem*.

BUT

BUT to return from this Digression to my Design, I would not have it thought that I presume to make a Criticism upon the Works of our Author, or those of others. These are only the Sentiments of one who is indifferent how they are received, if they have the good Fortune not to prejudice his Memory, for whose sake they were written. I shall add but one Remark more upon this Subject, which is the great Difficulty of making our *English* Names of Plants, Soils, Animals, and Instruments, shine in Verse: There are hardly any of those, which, in the *Latin* Tongue, are not in themselves beautiful and expressive; and very few in our own, which do not rather debase than exalt the Style. And yet, I know not by what Art of the Poet, these Words, tho' in themselves mean and low, seem not to sink the Dignity of his Style, but become their Places as well as those of a better and more harmonious Sound.

I CANNOT leave the *CYDER*, without taking Notice, that the two Books are addressed to two Gentlemen, of whom it is enough to say, that they were Mr. *PHILIP*'s Friends and Favourers, and



and whose Characters, without the Help of a weaker Hand, will be transmitted to Posterity. Nor must we omit that signal Honour which this Piece received after his Decease, in being translated into *Italian* by a Nobleman of *Florence*, an Honour which the great \* *BOILEAU* was proud his *Art of Poetry* obtained, in a Language of much less Delicacy and Politeness. It may be some Pleasure to observe the Turn which † *Mr. SMITH* gives this Passage, in the following Verses :

*See mighty COSMO's Counsellor and Friend,  
By Turns on COSMO, and the Bard attend ;  
Rich in the Coins and Busts of antient Rome,  
In him he brings a nobler Treasure home ;  
In them he views her Gods, and Domes design'd,  
In him the Soul of Rome, and VIRGIL's  
mighty Mind :*

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\* *Monsieur Boileau's Art of Poetry was translated into Portuguese by the Count de Ericeyra.*

† *See Mr. Smith's Poem.*

*To him for Ease retires from Toils of State,  
Not half so proud to Govern, as Translate.*

ALL that we have left more of this Poet, is a *Latin ODE*, inscrib'd to the Honourable *HENRY St. JOHN*, Esq; (now Lord *BCLINGBROKE*) which is certainly a Master-piece: The Style is pure and elegant, the Subject of a mixt Nature, resembling the sublime Spirit, and gay, facetious Humour of *HORACE*. From this we may form a Judgment, that his Writings in that Language were not inferiour to those he has left us in our Own; and as *HORACE* was one of his darling Authors, we need not question his Ability to excel in his Way, as well as that of the admired *VIRGIL*.

By all the Enquiry I could make, I have not found that he ever wrote any thing more than what we have mentioned, nor indeed if there are any, am I very solicitous about them; being convinced that these are all which he finished, and it would be an Injury to his Ashes to print any imperfect Sketches which he never designed for the Publick. It might, perhaps, please some to see the first Essays of a great Genius, but considering  
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how

how apt we are to impose upon ourselves and others in Matters of that kind, it is unfair to hazard the Reputation of the Writer for the Fancy of the Reader. It is a silly Vanity that some Men have delighted in, of informing the World how Young they were when they composed some particular Pieces; if they are not good, it is no matter at what Age they were wrote; and if they are, it is a great Chance if they proceed, if they do not write beneath themselves.

WE have almost as little to say in respect of our Author's farther Designs, only that we are assured by his Friends, that he intended to write a *Poem* upon the *Resurrection*, and the *Day of Judgment*, in which, it is probable, he would not only have exceeded all other, but even his own Performances. That Subject, indeed, was only proper to be treated of in that solemn Style which he makes use of and by one whose just Notions of Religion, and true Spirit of Poetry, could have carried his Reader without a wild Enthusiasm:

----- *Extra flammantia Menia Mundi.* Lucret.

MILTON



*MILTON* has given a few fine Touches upon the same; but still there remains an inexhaustible Store of Materials to be drawn from the *Prophets*, the *Psalms*, and the other *Inspired Writers*, which in his Poetical Dress, might, without the false Boasting of Old Poets, have endured to the Day that it described. The meanest Soul, and the lowest Imagination, cannot think of that Time, and the Descriptions we meet with of it in *Holy Writ*, without the greatest Emotion, and the deepest Impression. What then might we not expect from the believing Heart of a good Man, and the regulated Flights and Raptures of an excellent Christian Poet? His Friend, Mr. *Smith*, seems to be of the same Opinion; and as he was a better Judge of the Scheme which he had laid down, and probably had seen the first Rudiments of his Design, we shall finish this Head with his Verses on that Occasion:

*Oh! had relenting Heav'n prolong'd his Days,*

*The tow'ring Bard had Sung in nobler Lays,*

*How the last Trumpet wakes the lazy Dead,*

*How Saints aloft the Cross triumphant spread;*

*How op'ning Heav'ns their happy Regions show,  
And yawning Gulphs with flaming Vengeance  
glow,*

*'And Saints rejoice Above, and Sinners howl Below.*

*Well might he Sing the Day he could not fear,  
And paint the Glories he was sure to wear.*

THOSE who have had either any Knowledge of his Person, or Relish of his Compositions, will easily agree in the Judgment here given, as the generality of Men of Sense and Learning, have already done in respect of those which he lived to publish. For my part, I never heard but of \* One who took it in his Head to censure his Writings; and it is no great Compliment to his Judgment, that He has the Honour to stand alone in that Reflexion. It were easy to retort upon him, were it not ungenerous to blast the Fruits of his *latter Spring*, † by comparing them with the Crudities of his first. That *Satire* upon our Author has, with its other Brethren, been Dead long since; and, I believe, the World would have quite forgot that

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\* Sir Richard Blackmore. † *Creation, a Poem.*

ever it had any Being, had not Mr. SMITH taken care to inform us of it in a \* Work of a more durable Nature.

HOWEVER, tho' there is this one unjust Exception to his *Writings*, there is none to his *Life*, which was distinguished by a natural Goodness, a well grounded and unaffected Piety, an universal Charity, and a steady Adherence to his Principles. No one observed the natural and civil Duties of Life with a stricter Regard, whether those of a Son, a Friend, or a Member of a Society; and he had the Happiness to fill every one of these Parts without even the Suspicion either of Undutifulness, Insincerity, or Disrespect. Thus he continued to the last, not owing his Vertues to the Happiness of his Constitution, but the Frame of his Mind; insomuch that during a long and lingering Sickness, which is apt to ruffle the smoothest Temper, he never betrayed any Discontent or Uneasiness, the Integrity of his Heart still preserving the Cheerfulness of his Spirits. And if his Friends had measured their Hopes of his Life only by his

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\* His Poem to the Memory of Mr. Philips.



Unconcernedness in his Sickness, they could not but conclude, that either his Date would be much longer, or that he was at all Times prepared for Death.

He had long been troubled with a lingering *Consumption*, attended with an *Asthma*; and the Summer before he died, by the Advice of his Physicians, removed to the *Bath*, where, altho' he had the Assistance of the ablest of the Faculty, (by whom he was generally beloved) he only got some present Ease; and went from thence, but with small Hopes of a Recovery; and, upon the Return of his Distempers, he died at *Hereford* the 15th, of *February* ensuing, *Ann.* 1708.

He was interred in the Cathedral Church of *Hereford*; and the following Inscription is upon his Grave-stone.



JOHANNES

# JOHANNES PHILIPS

Obiit 15 die Feb. Anno { Dom. 1708.  
Ætat. suæ 32.

*Cujus*

*Ossa si requiras, hanc Urnam inspicere,*

*Si Ingenium nescias, ipsius Opera consule,*

*Si Tumulum desideras, Templum ad Westmonaste-*

*Qualis quantusque Vir fuerit, (riente,*

*Dicat elegans illa & præclara;*

*Quæ Cenotaphium ibi decorat.*

*Inscriptio.*

*Quàm interim erga Cognatus pius & officiosus;*

*Testetur hoc saxum*

*A MARIA PHILIPS Matre ipsius pientissimâ,*

*Dilecti Filii Memoria non sine Lacrymis dicatum.*

THE

THE Monument referred to at *Westminster*, in this Inscription, stands between those of *CHAU-CER* and *DRAYTON*, and was erected to his Memory by Sir *SIMON HARCOURT*, late Lord Chancellor; an Honour so much the greater, as proceeding from One, who knows as well to distinguish Men, as excel them, and deals out the Marks of his Respect as impartially as the Awards of his Justice. The Epitaph was writ by Dr. *FREIND*, in a Spirit and Style peculiar to his Compositions.

*Herefordiæ conduntur Ossa,  
Hoc in Delubro statuitur Imago,  
Britanniam omnem pervagatur Fama*

JOHANNIS PHILIPS:

*Qui Viris bonis doctisq; juxta charus,*

*Immortale suum Ingenium,*

*Eruditione multiplici excultum,*

*Miro animi Candore,*

*Eximius*



*Eximia morum simplicitate,*

*Honestavit.*

*Litterarum Amantiorum sitim,*

*Quam Wintoniæ Puer sentire caperat,*

*Inter Ædis Christi Alumnos jugiter explevit,*

*In illo Musarum Domitilio*

*Præclaris Emulorum studiis excitatus,*

*Optimis scribendi Magistris semper intentus,*

*Carmina sermone Patrio composuit*

*A Græcis Latinisq; fontibus feliciter deducta,*

*Atticis Romanisq; auribus omnino digna,*

*Versuum quippe Harmoniam*

*Rythmo didicerat.*

*Antiquo illo, libero, Multiformi*

*Ad res ipsas apto profus, & attemperato,*

*Non Numeris in eundem ferè orbem redeuntibus*

*Non*

*Non Clausularum similiter cadentium sono  
Metiri:*

*Uni in hoc laudis genere, Miltono secundus,  
Primoq; pæne Par.*

*Res seu Tenuēs, seu Grandes, seu Mediocres  
Ornandas sumserat,*

*Nusquam, non quod decuit,*

*Et vident, & affecutus est,*

*Egregius, quocunque Stylum verteret,*

*Fandi author, & Modorum artifex.*

*Fas sit Huic,*

*Auso licet à tuâ Metrorum Lege discedere*

*O Poesis Anglicana Pater, atque Conditor Chaucere*

*Alterum tibi latus claudere,*

*Vatum certe Cineres, tuos undique stipantium*

*Non dedecebit Chorum.*

SIMON

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS.

35

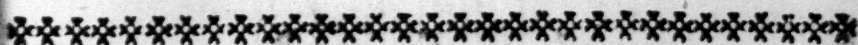
SIMON HARCOURT Miles,

*Viri bene de se, deque Literis meriti*

*Quoad viveret, Fautor,*

*Post Obitum pie memor,*

*Hoc illi Saxum poni voluit.*

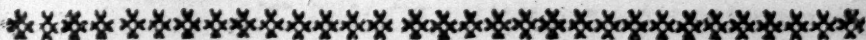


J. PHILIPS STEPHANI, S. T. P. Archidiaconi

*Salop, Filius natus est Bamptoniæ*

*in Agro Oxon. Dec. 30. 1676.*

*Obiit Herefordiæ. Febr. 15. 1708.*

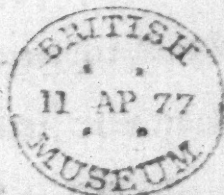


THUS



# 36 *The LIFE of Mr. PHILIPS.*

THUS much we thought proper to speak of the *Life and Character* of Mr. *PHILIPS*; following Truth in every Part, and endeavouring to make both Him, and his Writings, an Example to others; or, if that cannot be attained through our own Defect, at least to shew, that a *Good Poet* and a *Good Man* are not Names always inconsistent.



# POEMS

ON

Several OCCASIONS.

---

By Mr. JOHN PHILIPS, late  
*Student of Christ-Church, Oxon.*

---

The THIRD EDITION.

---



---

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. TONSON, E. CURLL, and  
T. JAUNCY. M.DCC.XX.

[Price Two Shillings and Six-pence.]

POEMS

OF

SEVERAL OF THE

BY MR. JOHN RUSSELL  
Student of Christ Church, Oxford



LONDON:  
Printed by J. Taylor, 10, Pall Mall.  
T. J. B. 1840.  
[Price Two Shillings and Sixpence]





# ODE

A D

*Henricum St. John, Armig'*

I.

**O** Qui recisæ finibus Indicis  
 Benignus Herbæ, das mihi divitem  
 Haurire succum, & suaveolentes  
 Sæpe Tubis iterare fumos ;

II.

Qui solus acri respicis asperum  
 Siti palatum, proluis & Mero,  
 Dulcem elaborant cui saporem  
 Hesperii pretiûmque, Soles :

III.

Ecquid reponam muneris omnium  
 Exors bonorum ? Prome reconditum,  
 Pimplæa, Carmen, desidésque  
 Ad numeros, age, tende chordas.

C 2

IV. Feri

## IV.

Ferri secundo mens avet impetu,  
 Quà Cygniformes per liquidum æthera,  
 Te, Diva, vim præbente, Vates  
 Explicuit Venusinus alas:

## V.

Solers modorum, seu Puerum, trucem.  
 Cum Matre flavâ, seu caneret Rosas  
 Et Vina, Cyrrhæis Hetruscum  
 Rite beans Equitem sub antris.

## VI.

At non Lyzi vis generosior  
 Affluxit illi ; sæpe licet cadum  
 Jactet Falernum, sæpe Chiæ  
 Munera, lætitiâque testæ.

## VII.

Patronus illi non fuit Artium  
 Celebriorum ; sed nec amantior,  
 Nec charus æquè. O ! quæ medullas  
 Flamma subit, tacitosque sensus.

VIII. Per-

## VIII.

Pertentat, ut Téque & Tua munera

Gratus recordor, Mercurialium

Princeps Virorum ! & ipse Musæ

Cultor, & usque colende Musis !

## IX.

Sed me minantem grandia deficit

Receptus ægre spiritus, ilia

Dum pulsat ima, ac inquietum

Tussis agens sine more pectus.

## X.

Alté petito quassat anhelitu ;

Funesta planè, ni mihi balsamum

Diffillet in venas, Tuæque

Lenis opem ferat haustus Uvæ.

## XI.

Hanc fumo, parcis & Tibi poculis

Libo salutem ; quin precor, Optima

Ut usque Conjux sospitetur.

Perpetuo recreens amore.

XII. Te



## XII.

Te consulentem Militiæ super  
 Rebus Togatum. Maeste ! Tori decus  
 Formosa cui *Francisca* cessit,  
 Crine placens, niveoque Collo !

## XIII.

Quam Gratiarum cura decentium  
 O ! O ! labellis cui *Venus* infidet !  
 Tu forte felix ; me *Maria*  
 Macerat (ah miserum !) videndo :

## XIV.

*Maria*, quæ me fidereo tuens  
 Obliqua vultu per medium jecur  
 Trajecit, atque excussit omnes  
 Protinus ex animo Puellas.

## XV.

Hanc, ulla mentis spe mihi mutua  
 Utcunque desit, nocte, die vigil  
 Suspiro ; nec jam Vina fomnos  
 Nec revocant, tua Dona, Fumi.

A N  
**O D E**  
 T O  
*Henry St. John, Esq;*

## I.

**O** Thou from *INDIA*'s fruitful Soil,  
 That dost that soveraign Herb \* prepare ;  
 In whose rich Fumes I lose the Toil  
 Of Life, and every anxious Care :  
 While from the fragrant lighted Bole,  
 I suck new Life into my Soul ;

## II.

**T H O U**, only **T H O U** ! art kind to view  
 The parching Flames that I sustain ;  
 Which with cool Draughts Thy Casks subdue  
 And wash away the thirsty Pain,  
 With Wines, whose Strength and Taste we prize,  
 From *Latian* Suns and nearer Skies.

## III. Oh!

## III.

Oh ! say, to bless thy pious Love,  
 What Vows, what offerings shall I bring ?  
 Since I can spare, and Thou approve  
 No other Gift, O hear me sing !  
 In Numbers *Phæbus* does inspire,  
 That strings for Thee the charming Lyre.

## IV.

Aloft, above the liquid Sky,  
 I stretch my Wing, and fain would go  
 Where *Rome's* sweet Swan did whilom fly ;  
 And soaring, left the Clouds below ;  
 The Muse invoking to indue  
 With Strength, his Pinions, as he flew.

## V.

Whether he sings great BEAUTY's Praise,  
 Loves *gentle* Pain, or *tender* Woes ;  
 Or chuse, the Subject of his Lays,  
 The blushing Grape, or blooming Rose ;  
 Or near cool *CYRRHA's* rocky Springs  
*MÆCENAS* listens while he sings.

VI. Yet



## VI.

Yet HE, no nobler Draught could boast,  
 His Muse, or Musick to inspire,  
 Tho' all *FALERNUM*'s purple Coast,  
 Flow'd in each Glass, to lend Him Fire:  
 And on his Tables us'd to smile  
 The Vintage of rich *CHIO*'s Ile.

## VII.

*MÆCENAS* deign'd to hear his Songs,  
 His Muse extoll'd, his Voice approv'd;  
 To THEE a fairer Fame belongs,  
 At once more pleasing, more below'd.  
 Oh! teach my Heart to bound its Flame,  
 As I record thy Love and Fame.

## VIII.

Teach me the Passion to restrain,  
 As I my grateful Homage bring;  
 And last in *PHOEBU*'S humble Train  
 The first and brightest Genius sing.  
 The Muses Favourite pleas'd to live,  
 Paying them back the Fame they give.

IX. But

## IX.

But Oh ! as greatly I aspire  
 To tell my Love, to speak thy Praise,  
 Boasting no more its sprightly Fire,  
 My Bosom heaves, my Voice decays ;  
 With Pain I touch the mournful String  
 And pant and languish as I sing.

## X.

Faint Nature now demands that Breath,  
 That feebly strives thy Worth to sing !  
 And would be hush'd and lost in Death,  
 Did not thy Care kind Succours bring !  
 Thy pitying Cask my Soul sustain,  
 And call new Life in every vein.

## XI.

The sober Glas I now behold,  
 Thy Health, with fair *FANCISCA*'s joyn,  
 Wishing her Checks may long unfold  
 Such Beauties, and be ever Thine ;  
 No Chance the tender Joy remove,  
 While She can please, and Thou canst love.

XII. Thus

## XII.

Thus while by You the *British* Arms  
 Triumphs and distant Fame pursue ;  
 The yielding FAIR resigns her Charms,  
 And gives you leave to conquer too ;  
 Her snowy Neck, Her Breast, Her Eyes,  
 And all the Nymph becomes your Prize.

## XIII.

What comely Grace, what Beauty smiles,  
 Upon her Lips what Sweetness dwells ?  
 Not Love himself so oft beguiles,  
 Nor VENUS self so much excels ;  
 What different Fates our Passions share,  
 While you enjoy, and I despair ?

## XIV.

\* MARIA's Form as I survey,  
 Her Smiles a thousand Wounds impart ;  
 Each Feature steals my Soul away,  
 Each Glance deprives me of my Heart.  
 And chasing thence each other Fair.  
 Leaves her own Image only there.

## XV.

---

Mrs. Mary Meers, Daughter to the late Principal of Brazen-  
 nose.



Altho' my anxious Breast despair,  
And sighing, hopes no kind return;

Yet for the lov'd relentless Fair

By Night I wake, by Day I burn.

Nor can thy Gifts soft Sleep supply,  
Or sooth my Pains, or close my Eye.



The END.



THE  
*Splendid Shilling.*  
AN  
IMITATION  
OF  
MILTON.

---

----- Sing, Heavenly Muse, -----  
*Things unattempted yet, in Prose or Rhime,  
A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimeras-dire.*

---



HAPPY the Man, who void of Cares and Strife,  
In Silken, or in Leathern Purse retains  
A *Splendid Shilling*: He nor hears with Pain  
New Oysters cry'd, nor sighs for chearful Ale;  
But with his Friends, when Nightly-Mists arise,  
To *Juniper's-Magpye*, or *Town-Hall* \* repairs:  
Where, mindful of the Nymph, whose wanton Eye  
Transfix'd his Soul, and kindled amorous Flames,  
CHLOE, or PHILLIS; he each Circling Glas

\* Two noted Alehouses in Oxford.

A

Willeth

Wishest her Health, and Joy, and equal Love.  
 Mean while, he smoaks, and laughs at merry Tale,  
 Or *Pun* ambiguous, or *Conundrum* quaint.  
 But I, whom griping Penury surrounds,  
 And Hunger, sure Attendant upon Want,  
 With scanty Offals, and small acid Tiff  
 (Wretched Repast!) my meagre Corps sustain:  
 Then solitary walk, or doze at home  
 In Garret vile, and with a warming Puff  
 Regale chill'd Fingers; or from Tube as black  
 As Winter-Chimney, or well-polish'd Jet,  
 Exhale *Mundungus*, ill-perfuming Scent:  
 Not blacker Tube, nor of a shorter Size  
 Smoaks *Cambro-Briton* (vers'd in Pedigree,  
 Sprung from *Cadwalader* and *Arthur*, Kings  
 Full famous in Romantick Tale) when he  
 O'er many a craggy Hill and barren Cliff,  
 Upon a Cargo of fam'd *Cestrian* Cheese,  
 High over-shadowing Rides, with a design  
 To vend his Wares, or at th' *Arvonian* Mart,  
 Or *Maridunum*, or the Ancient Town  
 Yclip'd *Brechinia*, or where *Vaga's* Stream  
 Encircles *Ariconium*, fruitful Soil!  
 Whence flow nectareous Wines, that well may vie  
 With *Massic*, *Setin*, or renown'd *Falern*.  
 Thus, while my joyless Minutes tedious flow,  
 With Looks demure, and silent Pace, a *Dun*,  
 Horrible Monster! hated by Gods and Men,  
 To my Aerial Citadel ascends,  
 With Vocal Heel thrice thund'ring at my Gate,  
 With hideous Accent Thrice he calls; I know



*The Splendid* SHILLING.

3

The Voice ill-boding, and the solemn Sound.  
What shou'd I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,  
Confounded, to the dark Recess I fly  
Of Woodhole; strait my bristling Hairs erect  
Thro' sudden Fear; a chilly Sweat bedews  
My shud'ring Limbs, and (wonderfull to tell!)  
My Tongue forgets her Faculty of Speech;  
So horrible he seems! his faded Brow  
Entrench'd with many a Frown, and Conic Beard,  
And spreading Band, admir'd by Modern Saints,  
Disastrous Acts forebode; in his Right Hand  
Long Scrolls of Paper solemnly he waves,  
With Characters, and Figures dire inscrib'd,  
Grievous to mortal Eyes; (ye Gods avert  
Such Plagues from Righteous Men; Behind him stalks  
Another Monster not unlike himself,  
Sullen of Aspect, by the Vulgar call'd  
A *Catchpole*, whose polluted Hands the Gods  
With Force incredible, and Magick Charms  
Erst have endu'd, if he his ample Palm  
Should haply on ill-fated Shoulder lay  
Of Debtor, strait his Body, to the Touch  
Obsequious, (as whilom Knights were wont)  
To some enchanted Castle is convey'd,  
Where Gates impregnable, and coercive Chains  
In Durance strict detain him, till in form  
Of Money, PALLAS sets the Captive free.

Beware, ye Debtors, when ye walk beware;  
Be circumspect; oft with insidious Ken  
This Caitiff eyes your Steps aloof, and oft  
Lies perdue in a Nook or gloomy Cave,

Prompt to inchant some inadvertent Wretch  
 With his unhallow'd Touch. So (Poets sing)  
*Grimalkin* to Domestick Vermin sworn  
 An everlasting Foe, with watchful Eye  
 Lies Nightly brooding o'er a chinky Gap,  
 Protending her fell Claws, to thoughtless Mice  
 Sure Ruin. So her disembowell'd Web  
*Arachne* in a Hall, or Kitchin spreads,  
 Obvious to vagrant Flies: She secret stands  
 Within her woven Cell; the Humming Prey,  
 Regardless of their Fate, Rush on the Toils  
 Inextricable, nor will aught avail  
 Their Arts, or Arms, or Shapes of lovely Hue;  
 The Wasp insidious, and the buzzing Drone,  
 And Butterfly proud of expanded Wings  
 Distinct with Gold, entangled in her Snares,  
 Useless Resistance make: With eager Strides,  
 She tow'ring flies to her expected Spoils;  
 Then, with envenom'd Jaws the vital Blood  
 Drinks of reluctant Foes, and to her Cave  
 Their bulky Carcasses triumphant drags.

So pass my Days. But when Nocturnal Shade;  
 This World envelop, and th' inclement Air  
 Persuades Men to repel benumbing Frost  
 With pleasant Wines, and crackling Blaze of Wood;  
 Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering Light  
 Of Make-weight Candle, nor the joyous Talk  
 Of loving Friend delights; distress'd, forlorn,  
 Amidst the Horrors of the tedious Night,  
 Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal Thoughts  
 My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful Verse

Indite,

*The Splendid* SHILLING.

5

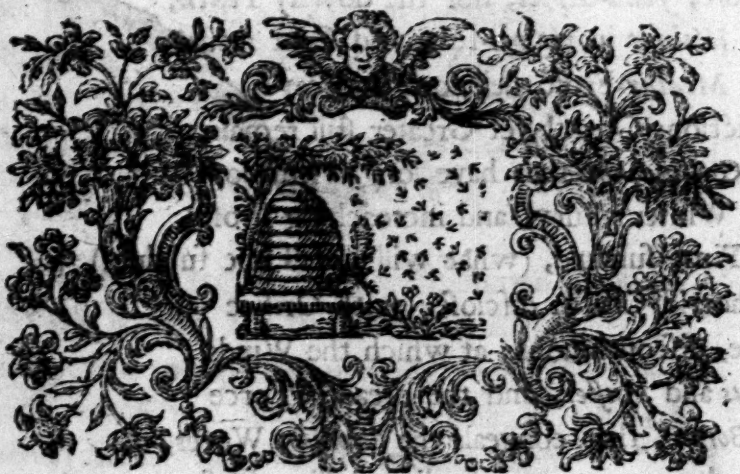
Indite, and sing of Groves and Myrtle Shades,  
Or desperate Lady near a purling Stream,  
Or Lover pendent on a Willow-Tree.  
Mean while I labour with eternal Drought,  
And restless wish, and rave; my parched Throat  
Finds no Relief, nor heavy Eyes Repose:  
But if a Slumber haply does invade  
My weary Limbs, my Fancy's still awake,  
Thoughtful of Drink, and eager, in a Dream,  
Tipples imaginary Pots of Ale,  
In vain; awake I find the settled Thirst  
Still gnawing, and the pleasant Fantom curse.

Thus do I live from Pleasure quite debarr'd,  
Nor taste the Fruits that the Sun's genial Rays  
Mature, *John-Apple*, nor the downy *Peach*,  
Nor *Walnut* in rough-furrow'd Coat secure,  
Nor *Medlar-Fruit*, delicious in decay:  
Afflictions Great! yet Greater still remain:  
My *Galligaskins* that have long withstood  
The Winter's Fury, and incroaching Frosts,  
By Time subdu'd, (what will not Time subdue!)  
An horrid Chasm disclose, with Orifice  
Wide, discontinuous; at which the Winds  
*Eurus* and *Auster*, and the dreadful Force  
Of *Boreas*, that congeals the *Cronian* Waves,  
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling Blasts,  
Portending Agues. Thus a well-fraught Ship  
Long sail'd secure, or thro' th' *Ægean* Deep,  
Or the *Ionian*, till cruising near  
The *Lilybean* Shore, with hideous Crush  
On *Scylla*, or *Charybdis* (dang'rous Rocks):



*The Splendid* SHILLING.

She strikes rebounding, whence the flatter'd Oak,  
 So fierce a Shock unable to withstand,  
 Admits the Sea; in at the gaping Side  
 The crowding Waves gush with impetuous Rage,  
 Resistless, Overwhelming; Horrors seize  
 The Mariners, Death in their Eyes appears.  
 They Stare, they Lave, they Pump, they Swear, they Pray:  
 (Vain Efforts!) still the battering Waves rush in,  
 Implacable, till delug'd by the Foam,  
 The Ship sinks found'ring in the vast Abyss.



B L E I N.



# BLEINHEIM:

---

A

## POEM,

Inscribed to the Right Honourable

*Robert Harley, Esq;*

1705.



FROM low and abject Themes the Grov'ling Muse  
 Now mounts Aerial, to sing of Arms  
 Triumphant, and emblaze the Martial Acts  
 Of Britain's Heroe; May the Verle not sink  
 Beneath His Merits, but detain a while  
 Thy Ear, O HARLEY, (tho' thy Country's Weal  
 Depends on Thee, tho' Mighty ANNE requires  
 Thy hourly Counsels) since with ev'ry Art  
 Thy self adorn'd, the mean Essays of Youth

Thou

Thou wilt not damp, but guide, wherever found,  
 The willing Genius to the Muses Seat :  
 Therefore Thee first, and last, the Muse shall Sing.

LONG had the *Gallic* Monarch uncontrol'd  
 Enlarg'd his Borders, and of Human Force  
 Opponent slightly thought, in Heart elate,  
 As erst SESOSTRIS, (proud *Ægyptian* King,  
 That Monarchs harness'd to his Chariot yoke,  
 (Base Servitude!) and his dethron'd Compeers  
 Last furious; they in fullen Majesty  
 Drew the uneasy Load.) Nor less he aim'd  
 At Universal Sway: For WILLIAM's Arm  
 Could nought avail, however fam'd in War;  
 Nor Armies leagu'd, that diversly assay'd  
 To curb his Pow'r enormous; like an Oak,  
 That stands secure, tho' all the Winds employ  
 Their ceaseless Roar, and only sheds its Leaves,  
 Or Mast, which the revolving Spring restores:  
 So stood He, and Alone; Alone defy'd  
 The *European* Thrones combin'd, and still  
 Had set at Nought their Machinations vain,  
 But that Great ANNE, weighing th'Events of War  
 Momentous, in Her prudent Heart, Thee chose,  
 Thee, CHURCHILL, to direct in nice Extreams  
 Her banner'd Legions. Now their pristine Worth  
 The Britons recollect, and gladly change  
 Sweet Native Home for unaccustom'd Air,  
 And other Climes, where diff'rent Food and Soil  
 Portend Distempers; over dank, and dry,  
 They journey toilsome, unfatigu'd with Length



Of March, unstruck with Horror at the sight  
 Of *Alpine* Ridges bleak, high stretching Hills,  
 All White with Summer Snows. They go beyond  
 The Trace of *English* Steps, where scarce the Sound  
 Of *Henry's* Arms arriv'd; such Strength of Heart  
 Thy Conduct, and Example gives; nor small  
 Encouragement GODOLPHIN, Wise, and Just,  
 Equal in Merit, Honour, and Success,  
 To *Burleigh*, (fortunate alike to serve  
 The Best of Queens :) He, of the Royal Store  
 Splendidly frugal, sits whole Nights devoid  
 Of sweet Repose, Industrious to procure  
 The Soldiers Ease; to Regions far remote  
 His Care extends, and to the *British* Host  
 Makes ravag'd Countries plenteous as their own.

And now, O CHURCHILL, at thy wisht Approach  
 The *Germans* hopeless of Success, forlorn,  
 With many an Inroad gor'd, their drooping Cheer  
 New animated rouse; Not more rejoice  
 The miserable Race of Men, that live  
 Benighted half the Year, benumm'd with Frosts  
 Perpetual, and rough *Boreas* keenest Breath,  
 Under the Polar Bear, inclement Sky,  
 When first the Sun with New-born Light removes  
 The long incumbent Gloom; gladly to thee  
 Heroic Laurel'd EUGENE yields the Prime,  
 Nor thinks it Diminution, to be rankt  
 In Military Honour next, altho'  
 His deadly Hand strook the *Turkestan* Throne  
 Accurs'd, and prov'd in far divided Lands  
 Victorious; on thy powerful Sword alone

*Germania*, and the *Belgic* Coast relies,  
 Won from th'encroaching Sea: That Sword Great A N N E  
 Fix'd not in vain on the puissant Side,  
 When Thee Sh'enroll'd her Garter'd Knights among,  
 Illustrating the Noble List; Her Hand  
 Assures good Omens, and Saint *George's* Worth  
 Enkindles like Desire of high Exploits.  
 Immediate Sieges, and the Tire of War  
 Rowl in thy eager Mind; thy Plumy Crest  
 Nods horrible, with more terrific Port  
 Thou walk'st, and seem'st already in the Fight.

What Spoils, what Conquests then did *Albion* hope  
 From thy Atchievements! yet thou hast surpast  
 Her boldest Vows, exceeded what thy Foes  
 Could fear, or fancy; they, in Multitude  
 Superior, fed their Thoughts with Prospect vain  
 Of Victory, and Rapine, reck'ning what  
 From ransom'd Captives would accrue. Thus One  
 Jovial his Mate bespoke; O Friend, observe,  
 How gay with all th'Accoutrements of War  
 The *Britons* come, with Gold well fraught they come  
 Thus far, our Prey, and tempt us to subdue  
 Their recreant Force; how will their Bodies stript  
 Enrich the Victors, while the Vultures sate  
 Their Maws with full Repast! Another, warm'd  
 With high Ambition, and Conceit of Prowess  
 Inherent, arrogantly thus presum'd;  
 What if This Sword, full often drench'd in Blood  
 Of base Antagonists, with griding Edge  
 Should now cleave sheer the execrable Head  
 Of CHURCHILL, met in Arms! or if This Hand,

Soon as his Army disarray'd 'gins fwerve,  
Should stay Him flying, with retentive Gripe,  
Confounded, and appal'd! no trivial Price  
Should set Him free, nor small should be My Praise  
To lead Him shackled, and expose to Scorn  
Of gath'ring Crowds the *Briton's* boasted Chief.

Thus They, in sportive mood, their empty Taunts  
And Menaces exprest; nor could their Prince  
In Arms, vain *Tallard*, from opprobrious Speech  
Refrain; Why halt ye thus, ye *Britons*? Why  
Decline the War? Shall a Morafs forbid  
Your easie March? Advance; we'll bridge a Way,  
Safe of Access. Imprudent, thus t' invite  
A furious Lyon to his Folds! that Boast  
He ill abides, Captiv'd in other Plight  
He soon revisits *Britanny*, that once  
Resplendent came, with stretcht Retinue girt,  
And pompous Pageantry; O Hapless Fate,  
If any Arm, but C H U R C H I L L's, had prevail'd.

No need such Boasts, or Exprobations false  
Of Cowardice; the Military Mound  
The *Brittish* Files transcend, in evil Hour  
For their proud Foes, that fondly brav'd their Fate.  
And now on either Side the Trumpet blew,  
Signal of Onset, Resolution firm  
Inspiring, and Pernicious Love of War.  
The adverse Fronts in rueful Conflict meet,  
Collecting all their Might; for on th' Event  
Decisive of this bloody Day depends  
The Fate of Kingdoms: With less Vehemence

The



The great Competitors for *Rome* engag'd,  
*Cæsar*, and *Pompey*, on *Pharfalian* Plains,  
 Where stern *Bellona*, with one final Stroke,  
 Adjudg'd the Empire of this Globe to One.  
 Here the *Bavarian* Duke his Brigades leads,  
 Gallant in Arms, and Gaudy to behold,  
 Bold Champion! brandishing his *Noric* Blade,  
 Best temper'd Steel, successless prov'd in Field!  
 Next *Tallard*, with his *Celtic* Infantry  
 Presumptuous comes: Here *CHURCHILL*, not so prompt  
 To Vaunt, as Fight, his hardy Cohorts joins  
 With *EUGENE*'s *German* Force. Now from each Van  
 The brazen Instruments of Death Discharge  
 Horrible Flames, and turbid streaming Clouds  
 Of Smoak Sulphureous, intermixt With these  
 Large globous Irons fly, of dreadfull Hiss,  
 Singeing the Air, and from long Distance bring  
 Surprising Slaughter; on each side they fly  
 By Chains connex't, and with destructive Sweep  
 Behead whole Troops at once; the hairy Scalps  
 Are whirl'd aloof, while numerous Trunks bestrow  
 Th'ensanguin'd Field; with latent Mischief stor'd  
 Show'rs of Granadoes rain, by sudden Burst  
 Disploding murd'rous Bowels, Fragments of Steel,  
 And Stones, and Glass, and nitrous Grain adust.  
 A Thousand Ways at once the shiver'd Orbs  
 Fly diverse, working Torment, and foul Rout  
 With deadly Bruise, and Gashes furrow'd deep.  
 Of Pain impatient, the high prancing Steeds  
 Disdain the Curb, and flinging to and fro,  
 Spurn their dismounted Riders; they expire  
 Indignant, by unhostile Wounds destroy'd.

Ths

Thus thro' each Army Death, in various Shapes,  
Prevail'd; here mangled Limbs, here Brains and Gore  
Lie clotted; lifeless Some: With Anguish These  
Gnashing, and loud Laments invoking Aid,  
Unpity'd, and unheard; the louder Din  
Of Guns, and Trumpets clang, and solemn Sound  
Of Drums o'ercame their Groans. In equal Scale  
Long hung the Fight, few Marks of Fear were seen,  
None of Retreat: As when two adverse Winds,  
Sublim'd from dewy Vapours, in mid Sky  
Engage with horrid Shock, the ruffled Brine  
Roars stormy, they together dash the Clouds,  
Levying their equal Force with utmost Rage;  
Long undecided lasts the Airy Strife.

So they, incens'd: 'Till CHURCHILL, viewing where  
The Violence of Tallard most prevail'd,  
Came to oppose His slaught'ring Arm; with speed  
Precipitant He rode, urging His Way  
O'er Hills of gasping Heroes, and fall'n Steeds  
Rowling in Death: Destruction, grim with Blood,  
Attends His furious Course. Him thus enrag'd  
Descrying from afar some Engineer,  
Dextrous to guide th' unerring Charge, design'd  
By One nice Shot to terminate the War.  
With Aim direct the levell'd Bullet flew,  
But miss'd her Scope (for Destiny withstood  
Th' approaching Wound) and guiltless plough'd her Way  
Beneath his Courser; round his Sacred Head  
The glowing Balls play innocent, while He  
With dire impetuous Sway deals fatal Blows,  
Amongst the scatter'd Gauls. But O! Beware

B

Great

Great Warrior, nor too prodigal of Life  
 Expose the *British* Safety: Hath not *Jove*  
 Already warn'd Thee to withdraw? Reserve  
 Thy self for other Palms. Ev'n now Thy Aid  
 EUGENE, with Regiments unequal prest,  
 Awaits; This Day of all his Honours gain'd  
 Despoils Him, if Thy Succour opportune  
 Defends not the sad Hour: Permit not Thou  
 So brave a Leader with the Vulgar Herd  
 To bite the Ground unnoted.—Swift, and Fierce  
 As wintry Storm, He flies, to reinforce  
 The yielding Wing; in *Gallie* Blood again  
 He dewes His reeking Sword, and strows the Ground  
 With headless Ranks; (so *Ajax* interpos'd  
 His Sevenfold Shield, and skreen'd *Laertes's* Son,  
 For Valour much, and Warlike Wiles Renown'd,  
 When the insulting *Trojans* urg'd Him sore  
 With tilted Spears :) Unmanly Dread invades  
 The *French* astoni'd; straight Their useless Arms  
 They quit, and in Their swift Retreat confide,  
 Unseemly Yelling; distant Hills return  
 The hideous Noise. What can They do? or, how  
 Withstand His Wide-destroying Sword? or, where  
 Find Shelter thus repuls'd? Behind with Wrath  
 Resistless, th' Eager *English* Champions Press,  
 Chastising tardy Flight; before them rows  
 His Current swift the *Danube*, Vast, and Deep,  
 Supream of Rivers; to the frightful Brink,  
 Urg'd by compulsive Arms, soon as they reacht,  
 New Horror chill'd Their Veins; devote They saw  
 Themselves to wretched Doom; with Efforts vain,  
 Encourag'd by Despair, or Obstinate  
 To Fall like Men in Arms, Some dare renew

Feeble



Feeble Engagement, meeting Glorious Fate  
 On the firm Land; the Rest discomfited;  
 And pusht by MARLBOROUGH's avengeful Hand,  
 Leap plunging in the wide extended Flood:  
 Bands, numerous as the *Memphian* Soldiery  
 That swell'd the *Erythraan* Wave, when Wall'd  
 The unfroze Waters marvelously flood,  
 Observant of the Great Command. Upbore  
 By frothy Billows Thousands float the Stream  
 In cumbrous Mail, with Love of farther Shore;  
 Confiding in their Hands, that sed'lous strive  
 To cut th' outrageous Fluent: In this Distress,  
 Ev'n in the sight of Death, Some, Tokens shew  
 Of fearless Friendship, and their sinking Mates  
 Sustain; vain Love, tho' laudable! absorpt  
 By a fierce Eddy, They together found  
 The vast Profundity; their Horses paw  
 The swelling Surge, with fruitless Toil: Surcharg'd,  
 And in his Course obstructed by large Spoil,  
 The River flows redundant, and attacks  
 The lingring Remnant with unusual Tide;  
 Then Rowling back, in His Capacious Lap  
 Ingulfs Their whole Militia, quick immerst.  
 So when some swelt'ring Travellers retire  
 To leafy Shades, near the cool Sunless Verge  
 Of *Paraba*, *Brasilian* Stream; Her Tail  
 Of vast Extension, from Her watry Den,  
 A grisly *Hydra* suddenly shoots forth,  
 Insidious, and with curl'd invenom'd Train  
 Embracing horridly, at once the Crew  
 Into the River whirles; th' unweeting Prey  
 Entwisted roars, the parted Wave rebounds.

Nor did the *British* Squadrons now surcease  
 To gall their Foes o'erwhelm'd; full many felt  
 In the moist Element a scorching Death,  
 Pierc'd sinking; Shrouded in a dusky Cloud  
 The Current flows, with livid missive Flames  
 Boiling, as once *Pergamean Xanthus* boil'd,  
 Inflam'd by *Vulcan*, when th' swift-footed Son  
 Of *Peleus* to his baleful Banks pursu'd  
 The stragling *Trojans*: Nor less Eager drove  
 Victorious CHURCHILL His disponding Foes  
 Into the Deep Immense, that many a League  
 Impurpl'd ran, with gushing Gore distain'd.

Thus the Experienc'd Valour of One Man,  
 Mighty in Conflict, rescu'd harast Pow'rs  
 From Ruin impendent, and th' afflicted Throne  
 Imperial, that once Lorded o'er the World,  
 Sustain'd. With prudent Stay, he long deferr'd  
 The rough Contention, nor would deign to rout  
 An Host disparted; when, in Union firm  
 Embod'y'd, They Advanc'd, collecting All  
 Their Strength, and worthy seem'd to be subdu'd;  
 He the proud Boasters sent, with stern Assault,  
 Down to the Realms of Night. The *British* Souls,  
 (A Lamentable Race!) that ceas'd to breathe,  
 On *Landen*-Plains, this Heav'nly Gladsome Air,  
 Exult to see the crouding Ghosts descend  
 Unnumber'd; well aveng'd, they quit the Cares  
 Of Mortal Life, and drink th' Oblivious Lake.  
 Not so the New Inhabitants; They roam  
 Erroneous, and disconsolate, Themselves

Accu-

Accusing, and their Chiefs, improvident  
Of Military Chance; when lo! They see,  
Thro' the Dun Mist, in Blooming Beauty fresh,  
Two Lovely Youths, that Amicably walkt  
O'er Verdant Meads, and pleas'd, perhaps, revolv'd  
ANN A's late Conquests; One, to Empire Born,  
Egregious Prince, whose Manly Childhood shew'd  
His mingled Parents, and portended Joy  
Unspeakable; Thou, His Associate Dear  
Once in this World, nor now by Fate disjoin'd,  
Had thy presiding Star propitious shone,  
Shouldst CHURCHILL be! But Heav'n severe cut short  
Their springing Years, nor would, this Isle should boast  
Gifts so Important! Them the *Gallic* Shades  
Surveying, read in either radiant Look  
Marks of excessive Dignity and Grace,  
Delighted; 'till, in One, their Curious Eye  
Discerns their Great Subduer's Awful Mien,  
And Corresponding Features Fair; to Them  
Confusion! Straight the Airy Phantoms fleet,  
With Headlong Haste, and Dread a new Pursuit;  
The Image pleas'd with Joy Paternal Smiles.

Enough, O Muse; the sadly-pleasing Theme  
Leave, with these Dark Abodes and Re-ascend  
To breathe the upper Air, where Triumphs wait  
The Conqu'ror, and sav'd Nations joint Acclaim.  
Hark, how the Cannon, inoffensive Now,  
Gives Signs of Gratulation; struggling Crouds  
From ev'ry City flow; with ardent Gaze  
Fixt, they behold the *British* Guide, of Sight  
Insatiate; whilst His Great Redeeming Hand



Each Prince affects to touch respectful. See,  
 How *Prussia's* King transported entertains  
 His Mighty Guest; to Him the Royal Pledge,  
 Hope of his Realm, commits, (with better Fate,  
 Than to the *Trojan* Chief *Evander* gave  
 Unhappy *Pallas*) and intreats to shew  
 The Skill and Rudiments austere of War.  
 See, with what Joy, Him *LEOPOLD* declares  
 His Great Deliverer; and courts t' accept  
 Of Titles, with superior Modesty  
 Better refus'd. Mean while the Haughty King  
 Far humbler Thoughts now learns; Despair, and Fear:  
 Now first he feels; his Laurels all at once  
 Torn from his Aged Head, in Life's extream,  
 Distract his Soul; nor can Great *Boileau's* Harp  
 Of various sounding Wire, best taught to calm  
 Whatever Passion, and exalt the Soul  
 With highest Strains, his languid Spirits cheer:  
 Rage, Shame, and Grief, alternate in his Breast.

But who can tell what Pangs, what sharp Remorse  
 Torment the *Boian* Prince? From Native Soil  
 Exil'd by Fate, torn from the dear Embrace  
 Of weeping Consort, and depriv'd the Sight  
 Of his young guiltless Progeny, he seeks  
 Inglorious Shelter, in an Alien Land;  
 Deplorable! but that his Mind averse  
 To Right, and Insincere, would violate  
 His plighted Faith: Why did he not accept  
 Friendly Composure offer'd? or well weigh,  
 With Whom he must Contend? Encount'ring fierce  
 The *Solymean* Sultan, he o'erthrew.

# B L E I N H E I M.

19

His Moony Troops, returning bravely smear'd  
 With Painim Blood effus'd; nor did the *Gaul*  
 Not find him once a baleful Foe: But when,  
 Of Counsel rash, new Measures he pursues,  
 Unhappy Prince! (no more a Prince) he sees  
 Too late his Error, forc'd t' implore Relief  
 Of Him, he once defy'd. O Destitute  
 Of Hope, unpity'd! Thou should'st first have thought  
 Of persevering stedfast; now upbraid  
 Thy own inconstant Ill-aspiring Heart.  
 Lo! how the *Noric* Plains, thro' Thy Default,  
 Rise hilly, with large Piles of slaughter'd Knights,  
 Best Men, that Warr'd still firmly for their Prince,  
 Tho' Faithless, and Unshaken Duty shew'd;  
 Worthy of Better End. Where Cities stood,  
 Well Fenc'd, and Numerous, Desolation Reigns,  
 And Emptiness, dismayd, unfed, unhous'd,  
 The Widow, and the Orphan Strole around  
 The Desert wide; with oft retorted Eye  
 They view the Gaping Walls, and Poor Remains  
 Of Mansions, once their own (now loathsome Haunts  
 Of Birds obscene), bewailing loud the Loss  
 Of Spouse, or Sire, or Son, e'er Manly Prime  
 Slain in sad Conflict; and complain of Fate  
 As Partial, and too Rigorous; nor find  
 Where to Retire themselves, or where Appease  
 Th' afflictive keen Desire of Food, expos'd  
 To Winds, and Storms, and Jaws of Savage Beasts.

Thrice Happy *Albion*! from the World disjoin'd  
 By Heav'n Propitious, Blissful Seat of Peace!  
 Learn from Thy Neighbour's Miseries to Prize

Thy

Thy Welfare; Crown'd with Nature's Choicest Gifts,  
 Remote Thou hear'st the Dire Effect of War  
 Depopulation, void alone of Fear,  
 And Peril, whilst the Dismal Symphony  
 Of Drums and Clarions other Realms annoys.  
 Th' *Iberian* Scepter undecided, here  
 Engages mighty Hosts in wasteful Strife;  
 From diff'rent Climes the Flow'r of Youth descends  
 Down to the *Lusitanian* Vales, resolv'd  
 With utmost Hazard to Enthrone their Prince,  
*Gallic*, or *Austrian*; Havoc dire ensues,  
 And wild Uproar: The Natives, dubious whom  
 They must Obey, in Consternation wait,  
 'Till rigid Conquest will pronounce their Liege.  
 Nor is the Brazen Voice of War unheard  
 On the mild *Latian* Shore; what Sighs and Tears  
 Hath EUGENE caus'd! How many Widows curse  
 His cleaving Faulchion! Fertile Soil in vain!  
 What do thy Pastures, or thy Vines avail,  
 Best Boon of Heav'n! or huge *Taburnus*, cloath'd  
 With Olives, when the Cruel Battel mows  
 The Planters, with their Harvest immature?  
 See, with what Outrage from the frosty North,  
 The early Valiant *Swede* draws forth his Wings  
 In Battailous Array, while *Volga's* Stream  
 Sends Opposite, in shaggy Armor clad,  
 Her Borderers; on mutual Slaughter bent,  
 They rend their Countries. How is *Poland* vext  
 With Civil Broils, while Two Elected Kings  
 Contend for Sway? Unhappy Nation, left  
 Thus free of Choice! The *English*, undisturb'd  
 With such sad Privilege, submit Obey

Whom



Whom Heav'n ordains Supream, with Rev'rence due,  
 Not Thralldom, in fit Liberty secure.  
 From Scepter'd Kings, in long Descent deriv'd,  
 Thou *ANNA* Rulest, Prudent to promote  
 Thy People's Ease at home, nor Studious less  
 Of *Europe's* Good; to Thee, of Kingly Rights  
 Sole Arbitres, declining Thrones, and Pow'rs  
 Sue for Relief; Thou bid'st Thy *CHURCHILL* go,  
 Succour the Injur'd Realms, Defeat the Hopes  
 Of Haughty *LOUIS*, unconfin'd; He goes  
 Obsequious, and the dread Command fulfils,  
 In One Great Day. Again Thou giv'st in Charge  
 To *ROOK*, that He should let that Monarch know,  
 The Empire of the Ocean wide diffus'd  
 Is Thine; behold! with winged Speed He rides  
 Undaunted o'er the lab'ring Main t'assert  
 Thy liquid Kingdoms; at his near Approach  
 The *Gallie* Navy impotent to bear  
 His Volly'd Thunder, torn, dissever'd, scud  
 And bless the friendly interposing Night.

Hail, Mighty *QUEEN*, reserv'd by Fate, to Grace  
 The New-born Age; what Hopes may we conceive  
 Of future Years, when to Thy Early Reign  
*Neptune* submits his Trident, and Thy Arms  
 Already have prevail'd to th' utmost Bound  
*Hesperian*, *Calpe*, by *Alcides* fixt,  
 Mountain Sublime, that casts a Shade of Length  
 Immeasurable, and Rules the Inland Waves!  
 Let Others, with Insatiate Thirst of Rule,  
 Invade their Neighbours Lands, neglect the Ties  
 Of Leagues and Oaths; this Thy peculiar Praise

Be

Be still, to Study Right, and Quell the Force  
 Of Kings Perfidious; let them learn from Thee  
 That neither Strength, nor Policy refin'd  
 Shall with Success be Crown'd, where Justice fails.  
 Thou with Thy own Content, not for Thy Self,  
 Subduest Regions; Generous to Raise  
 The Suppliant Knee, and Curb the Rebel Neck.  
 The *German* Boasts Thy Conquests, and Enjoys  
 The Great Advantage; nought to Thee redounds  
 But Satisfaction from Thy Conscious Mind.

Auspicious QUEEN, since in Thy Realms secure  
 Of Peace, Thou Reign'st, and Victory attends  
 Thy distant Ensigns, with Compassion view  
*Europe* Embroil'd; Still Thou (for Thou Alone  
 Sufficient art) the jarring Kingdoms Ire,  
 Reciprocally ruinous; Say Who  
 Shall wield th' *Hesperian*, Who the *Polish* Sword,  
 By Thy Decree; the trembling Lands shall hear  
 Thy Voice, Obedient, lest Thy Scourge should bruise  
 Their Stubborn Necks, and CHURCHILL in his Wrath  
 Make Them Remember *Bleinheim* with Regret.

Thus shall the Nations, Aw'd to Peace, Extol  
 Thy Pow'r, and Justice; Jealousies and Fears,  
 And Hate Infernal banisht shall retire  
 To *Mauritania*, or the *Bactrian* Coasts,  
 Or *Tartary*, Engend'ring Discords fell  
 Amongst the Enemies of Truth; while Arts  
 Pacific, and Inviolable Love  
 Flourish in *Europe*. Hail *Saturnian* Days  
 Returning! In perpetual Tenor run

Delectable, and Shed your Influence Sweet  
On Virtuous *ANNA*'s Head; ye Happy Days,  
By *HER* restor'd, Her Just Designs compleat,  
And, mildly on *HER* Shining, Bless the World.

Thus from the Noisy Croud exempt, with Ease,  
And Plenty blest, amid the Mazy Groves;  
Sweet Solitude!) where Warbling Birds provoke  
The Silent Muse, delicious Rural Seat  
Of *SAINT JOHN*, *English Memmius*, I presum'd  
To Sing *Britannic* Trophies, inexpert  
Of War, with mean Attempt; while He intent  
(So *ANNA*'s Will Ordains) to Expedite  
His Military Charge, no Leisure finds  
To String His Charming Shell; But when Return'd  
Consummate Peace shall Rear Her Chearful Head,  
Then shall His *CHURCHILL* in Sublimer Verse  
For Ever Triumph; latest Times shall learn  
From Such a *Chief* to Fight, and *Bard*, to Sing.

F I N I S.





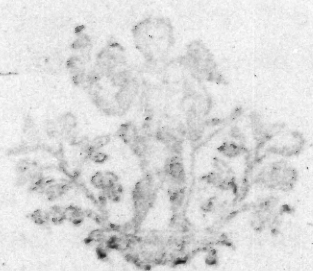
W I L L I A M

Defiable and shed your influence sweet  
On Virtuous A. N. A.'s Head; ye Henry Days  
By H. R. Nelson's, the just Designe complete  
And, merrily on H. R. Nelson's, the W. N. A.

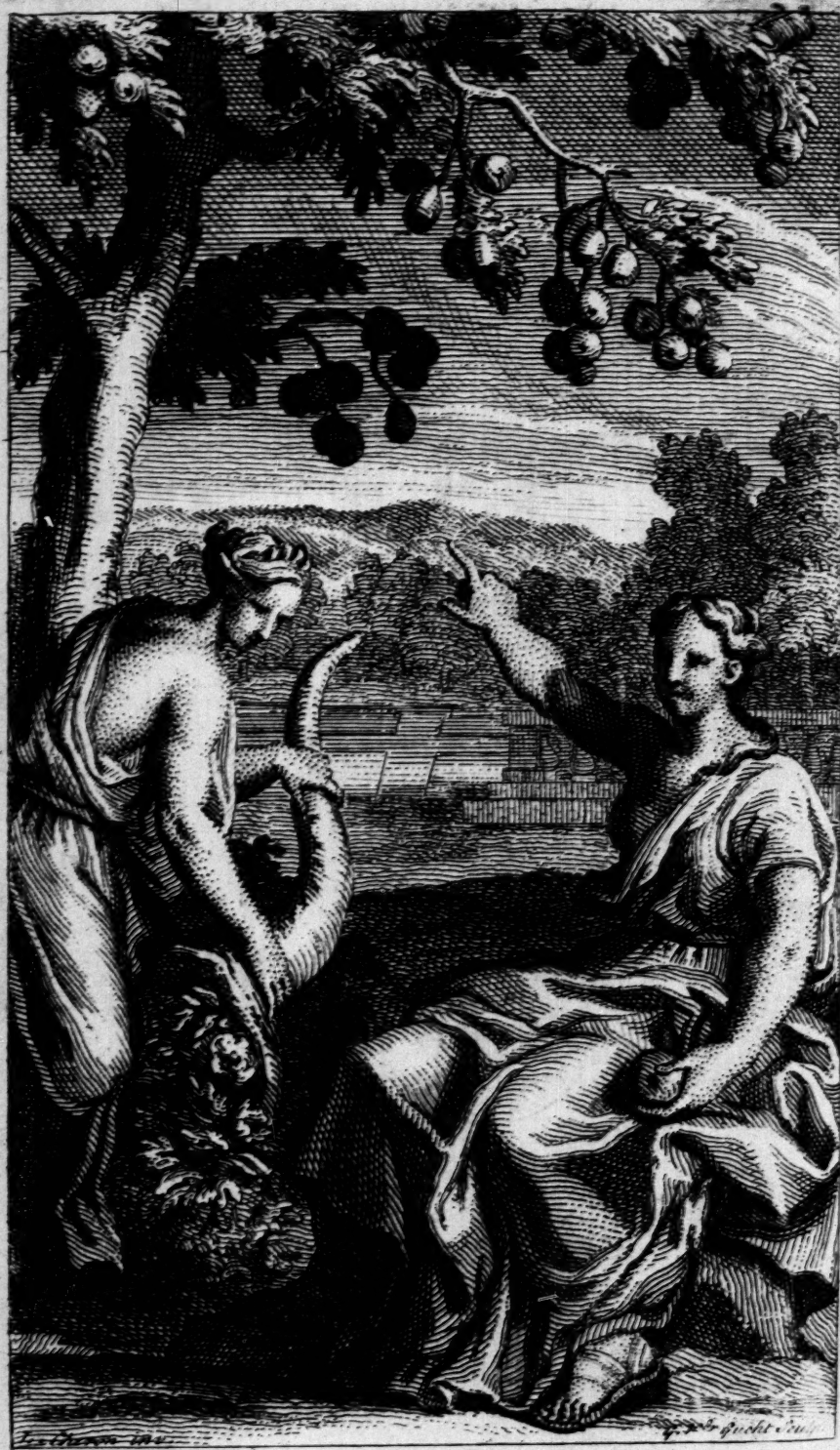
Then from the Moll, O and meaning with this  
And Henry this and the Henry's Overy;  
Sweet (not indeed) where William's first province  
The silent Moll's distant Rural Seat  
Of a King's Son, Henry's Majesty's Land  
To sing between Thomas, inconstant  
Of War, with mean Attempts, while the intent  
So A. N. A.'s (the Overy) to Henry's  
His Military Charge, on Henry's  
To sing the Overy's Henry's  
Constitute's Peter's (the Overy's)  
Then shall H. C. N. A.'s (the Overy's)  
The Ever Triumph; Henry's  
From such a Overy's (the Overy's)



P I W I L









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CYDER.

A

POEM.

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CYDER.



M.

P.

*K with preceding*

CYDER.

A

POEM.

In TWO BOOKS.

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*—Honos erit huic quoq; Pomo? Virg.*

---

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. T. and Sold by Thomas  
Jauncy at the *Angel* without Temple-Bar.  
M DCC XX.



CYDER.

POEM.



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—

Printed for J. N. and sold by  
J. N. at the sign of the  
M DCC LXX



# CYDER.

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## BOOK I.

---



WHAT Soil the Apple loves, what  
Care is due  
To Orchards, timeliest when to press  
the Fruits,

Thy Gift, *Pomona*, in *Miltonian* Verse  
Adventrous I presume to sing; of Verse  
Nor skill'd, nor studious: But my Native Soil  
Invites me, and the Theme as yet unsung.

Ye *Ariconian* Knights, and fairest Dames,  
To whom propitious Heav'n these Blessings grants,  
Attend my Layes; nor hence disdain to learn,  
How Nature's Gifts may be improv'd by Art.

And thou, O *Mostyn*, whose Benevolence,  
And Candor, oft experienc'd, Me vouchsaf'd  
To knit in Friendship, growing still with Years,  
Accept this Pledge of Gratitude and Love.  
May it a lasting Monument remain  
Of dear Respect; that, when this Body frail  
Is moulder'd into Dust, and I become  
As I had never been, late Times may know  
I once was blest in such a matchless Friend.

Who-e'er expects his lab'ring Trees shou'd bend  
With Fruitage, and a kindly Harvest yield,  
Be this his first Concern; to find a Tract  
Impervious to the Winds, begirt with Hills,  
That intercept the *Hyperborean* Blasts  
Tempestuous, and cold *Eurus* nipping Force,  
Noxious to feeble Buds: But to the West  
Let him free Entrance grant, let *Zephyrs* bland  
Administer their tepid genial Airs;

Naught



Naught fear he from the West, whose gentle Warmth  
Discloses well the Earth's all-teeming Womb,  
Invigorating tender Seeds; whose Breath  
Nurtures the *Orange*, and the *Citron* Groves,  
*Hesperian* Fruits, and wafts their Odours sweet  
Wide thro' the Air, and distant Shores perfumes.  
Nor only do the Hills exclude the Winds:  
But, when the blackning Clouds in sprinkling  
Show'rs

Distill, from the high Summits down the Rain  
Runs trickling; with the fertile Moisture chear'd  
The Orchards smile; joyous the Farmers see  
Their thriving Plants, and bless the heav'nly Dew.

Next, let the Planter, with Discretion meet,  
The Force and Genius of each Soil explore;  
To what adapted, what it shuns averse:  
Without this necessary Care, in vain  
He hopes an Apple-Vintage, and invokes  
*Pomona's* Aid in vain. The miry Fields,  
Rejoycing in rich Mold, most ample Fruit  
Of beauteous Form produce; pleasing to Sight,  
But to the Tongue inelegant and flat.  
So Nature has decreed; so oft we see

Men

Men passing fair, in outward Lineaments  
Elaborate ; less, inwardly, exact.

Nor from the Sable Ground expect Success,  
Nor from cretaceous, stubborn and jejune :  
The Must, of pallid Hue, declares the Soil  
Devoid of Spirit ; wretched He, that quaffs  
Such wheyish Liquors ; oft with Colic Pangs,  
With pungent Colic Pangs distress'd, he'll roar,  
And tofs, and turn, and curse th' unwholsome  
Draught.

But, Farmer, look, where full-ear'd Sheaves of Rye  
Grow wavy on the Tilth, that Soil select  
For Apples ; thence thy Industry shall gain  
Ten-fold Reward ; thy Garners, thence with Store  
Surcharg'd, shall burst ; thy Press with purest Juice  
Shall flow, which, in revolving Years, may try  
Thy feeble Feet, and bind thy fault'ring Tongue.  
Such is the *Kentchurch*, such *Dantzeyan* Ground,  
Such thine, O learned *Brome*, and *Capel* such,  
*Willisian Burlton*, much-lov'd *Geers* his *Marsh*,  
And *Sutton-Acres*, drench'd with Regal Blood  
Of *Ethelbert*, when to th' unhallow'd Feast  
Of *Mercian Offa* he invited came,  
To treat of Spousals : Long connubial Joys

He

He promis'd to himself, allur'd by Fair  
*Elfrida's* Beauty; but deluded dy'd  
In height of Hopes----Oh! hardest Fate, to fall  
By Shew of Friendship, and pretended Love!

I nor advise, nor reprehend the Choice  
Of *Marcley-Hill*; the Apple no where finds  
A kinder Mold: Yet 'tis unsafe to trust  
Deceitful Ground: Who knows but that, once more,  
This Mount may journey, and, his present Site  
Forsaking, to thy Neighbours Bounds transfer  
The goodly Plants, affording Matter strange  
For Law-Debates? If, therefore, thou incline  
To deck this Rise with Fruits of various Tastes,  
Fail not by frequent Vows t'implore Success;  
Thus piteous Heav'n may fix the wand'ring Glebe.

But if (for Nature doth not share alike  
Her Gifts) an happy Soil shou'd be with-held;  
If a penurious Clay shou'd be thy Lot,  
Or rough unweildly Earth, nor to the Plough,  
Nor to the Cattle kind, with sandy Stones  
And Gravel o'er-abounding, think it not  
Beneath thy Toil; the sturdy Pear-tree here

Will



Will rise luxuriant, and with toughest Root  
Pierce the obstructing Grit, and restive Marle.

Thus naught is useless made; nor is there Land  
But what, or of it self, or else compell'd,  
Affords Advantage. On the barren Heath  
The Shepherd tends his Flock, that daily crop  
Their verdant Dinner from the mossie Turf,  
ufficient; after them the Cackling Goose,  
Close-grazer, finds wherewith to ease her Want.  
What shou'd I more? Ev'n on the clifffy Height  
Of *Penmettmaur*, and that Cloud-piercing Hill,  
*Plinlimmon*, from afar the Traveller kens  
Astonish'd, how the Goats their shrubby Brouze  
Gnaw pendent; nor untrembling canst thou see,  
How from a scraggy Rock, whose Prominence  
Half overshades the Ocean, hardy Men,  
Fearless of rending Winds, and dashing Waves,  
Cut Sampire, to excite the squeamish Gust  
Of pamper'd Luxury. Then, let thy Ground  
Not lye unlabour'd; if the richest Stem  
Refuse to thrive, yet who wou'd doubt to plant  
Somewhat, that may to Human Use redound,  
And Penury, the worst of Ills, remove?

There

There are, who, fondly studious of Increase,  
Rich Foreign Mold on their ill-natur'd Land  
Induce laborious, and with fatning Muck  
Besmear the Roots; in vain! the nursling Grove  
Seems fair awhile, cherish'd with foster Earth:  
But, when the alien Compost is exhaust,  
It's native Poverty again prevails.

Tho' this Art fails, despond not; little Pains,  
In a due Hour employ'd, great Profit yield.  
Th' Industrious, when the Sun in *Leo* rides,  
And darts his sultriest Beams, portending Drought,  
Forgets not at the Foot of ev'ry Plant  
To sink a circling Trench, and daily pour  
A just Supply of alimental Streams,  
Exhausted Sap recruiting; else, false Hopes  
He cherishes, nor will his Fruit expect  
Th'autumnal Season, but, in Summer's Pride,  
When other Orchats smile, abortive fail.

Thus the great Light of Heav'n, that in his  
Course  
Surveys and quickens all things, often proves  
Noxious to planted Fields, and often Men,

B

Perceive

Perceive his Influence dire ; sweltring they run  
 To Grots, and Caves, and the cool Umbrage seek  
 Of woven Arborets, and oft the Rills  
 Still streaming fresh revisit, to allay  
 Thirst inextinguishable : But if the Spring  
 Preceding shou'd be destitute of Rain,  
 Or Blast Septentrional with brushing Wings  
 Sweep up the smoaky Mists, and Vapours damp,  
 Then wo to Mortals ! *Titan* then exerts  
 His Heat intense, and on our Vitals preys ;  
 Then Maladies of various Kinds, and Names  
 Unknown, malignant Fevers, and that Foe  
 To blooming Beauty, which imprints the Face  
 Of fairest Nymph, and checks our growing Love,  
 Reign far and near ; grim Death, in different Shapes,  
 Depopulates the Nations, thousands fall  
 His Victims, Youths, and Virgins, in their Flower,  
 Reluctant die, and sighing leave their Loves  
 Unfinish'd, by infectious Heav'n destroy'd.

Such Heats prevail'd, when fair *Eliza*, last  
 Of *Winchcomb's* Name (next Thee in Blood and  
 Worth,  
 O fairest *St. John*!) left this toilsome World

In



In Beauty's Prime, and sadden'd all the Year:  
Nor cou'd her Virtues, nor repeated Vows  
Of thousand Lovers, the relentless Hand  
Of Death arrest; She with the Vulgar fell,  
Only distinguish'd by this humble Verse.

But if it please the Sun's intemp'rate Force:  
To know, attend; whilst I of ancient Fame  
The Annals trace, and image to thy Mind,  
How our Fore-fathers, (luckless Men!) ingulf'd  
By the wide yawning Earth, to *Stygian* Shades  
Went quick, in one sad Sepulchre enclos'd.

In elder Days, e'er yet the *Roman* Bands  
Victorious, this our Other World subdu'd,  
A spacious City stood, with firmest Walls  
Sure mounded, and with numerous Turrets  
crown'd,  
Aerial Spires, and Citadels, the Seat  
Of Kings, and Heroes resolute in War,  
Fam'd *Ariconium*; uncontroul'd, and free,  
'Till all-subduing *Latian* Arms prevail'd.  
Then also, tho' to foreign Yoke submit,  
She undermolin'd stood, and even 'till now

Perhaps had stood, of ancient *British* Art  
 A pleasing Monument, not less admir'd  
 Than what from *Attic*, or *Etruscan* Hands  
 Arose; had not the Heav'nly Pow'rs averse  
 Decreed her final Doom: For now the Fields  
 Labour'd with Thirst, *Aquarius* had not shed  
 His wonted Show'rs, and *Sirius* parch'd with Heat  
 Solstitial the green Herb: Hence 'gan relax  
 The Ground's Contexture, hence *Tartarean* Dregs,  
 Sulphur, and nitrous Spume, enkindling fierce,  
 Bellow'd within their darksom Caves, by far  
 More dismal than the loud disploded Roar  
 Of brazen Enginry, that ceaseless storm  
 The Bastion of a well-built City, deem'd  
 Impregnable: Th' infernal Winds, 'till now  
 Closely imprison'd, by *Titanian* Warmth,  
 Dilating, and with unctuous Vapours fed,  
 Disdain'd their narrow Cells; and, their full  
 Strength  
 Collecting, from beneath the solid Mass  
 Upheav'd, and all her Castles rooted deep  
 Shook from their lowest Seat; old *Vaga's* Stream,  
 Forc'd by the sudden Shock, her wonted Track  
 Forsook, and drew her humid Train aslope,

Crank-

Crankling her Banks : And now the low'ring Sky,  
And baleful Lightning, and the Thunder, Voice  
Of angry Gods, that rattled solemn, dismay'd  
The sinking Hearts of Men. Where shou'd they turn  
Distress'd ? Whence seek for Aid ? when from below  
Hell threatens, and ev'n Fate supreme gives Signs  
Of Wrath and Desolation ? Vain were Vows,  
And Plaints, and suppliant Hands, to Heav'n erect !  
Yet some to Fanes repair'd, and humble Rites  
Perform'd to *Thor*, and *Woden*, fabled Gods,  
Who with their Vot'ries in one Ruin shar'd,  
Crush'd, and o'erwhelm'd. Others, in frantick  
Mood,

Run howling thro' the Streets, their hideous Yells  
Rend the dark Welkin ; Horror stalks around,  
Wild-staring, and, his sad Concomitant,  
Despair, of abject Look : At ev'ry Gate  
The thronging Populace with hasty Strides  
Press furious, and, too eager of Escape,  
Obstru& the easie Way ; the rocking Town  
Supplants their Footsteps ; to, and fro, they reel  
Astonish'd, as o'er-charg'd with Wine, when lo !  
The Ground adust her riven Mouth disparts,  
Horrible Chasm, profound ! with swift Descent



Old *Ariconium* sinks, and all her Tribes,  
Heroes, and Senators, down to the Realms  
Of endless Night. Mean while, the loosen'd Winds  
Infuriate, molten Rocks and flaming Globes  
Hurl'd high above the Clouds; 'till, all their Force  
Consum'd, her rav'nous Jaws th' Earth satiate clos'd.  
Thus this fair City fell, of which the Name  
Survives alone; nor is there found a Mark,  
Whereby the curious Passenger may learn  
Her ample Site, save Coins, and mould'ring Urns,  
And huge unweildy Bones, lasting Remains  
Of that Gigantic Race; which, as he breaks  
The clotted Glebe, the Plowman haply finds,  
Appall'd. Upon that treacherous Tract of Land,  
She whilome stood; now *Ceres*, in her Prime,  
Smiles fertile, and, with ruddiest Freight bedeckt,  
The Apple-Tree, by our Fore-fathers Blood  
Improv'd, that now recalls the devious Muse,  
Urging her destin'd Labours to pursue.

The Prudent will observe, what Passions reign  
In various Plants (for not to Man alone,  
But all the wide Creation, Nature gave  
Love, and Aversion): Everlasting Hate

The *Vine* to *Ivy* bears, nor less abhors  
The *Coleworts* Rankness; but, with am'rous *Twine*,  
Clasps the tall *Elm*: The *Pæstan Rose* unfolds  
Her Bud, more lovely, near the fetid *Leek*,  
(Crest of stout *Britons*,) and inhances thence  
The Price of her celestial Scent: The *Gourd*,  
And thirsty *Cucumber*, when they perceive  
Th' approaching *Olive*, with Resentment fly  
Her fatty Fibres, and with Tendrils creep  
Diverse, detesting Contact; whilst the *Fig*  
Contemns not *Rue*, nor *Sage's* humble Leaf,  
Close neighbouring: The *Herefordian Plant*  
Caresses freely the contiguous *Peach*,  
*Hazel*, and weight-resisting *Palm*, and likes  
T' approach the *Quince*, and th' *Elder's* pithy Stem;  
Uneasie, seated by funereal *Yew*,  
Or *Walnut*, (whose malignant Touch impairs  
All generous Fruits), or near the bitter Dews  
Of *Cherries*. Therefore, weigh the Habits well  
Of Plants, how they associate best, nor let  
Ill Neighbourhood corrupt thy hopeful Graffs.

Wouldst thou, thy Vats with gen'rous Juice should  
Respect thy Orchats; think not, that the Trees

[froth?

Spon-

Spontaneous will produce an wholesom Draught.  
Let Art correct thy Breed: from Parent Bough  
A Cyon meetly sever; after, force  
A way into the Crabstock's close-wrought Grain  
By Wedges, and within the living Wound  
Enclose the Foster Twig; nor over-nice  
Refuse with thy own Hands around to spread  
The binding Clay: E'er-long their differing Veins  
Unite, and kindly Nourishment convey  
To the new Pupil; now he shoots his Arms  
With quickest Growth; now shake the teeming  
Trunc,

Down rain th' impurpl'd Balls, ambrosial Fruit.  
Whether the *Wilding's* Fibres are contriv'd  
To draw th' Earth's purest Spirit, and resist  
It's Feculence, which in more porous Stocks  
Of *Cyder-Plants* finds Passage free, or else  
The native Verjuice of the *Crab*, deriv'd  
Thro' th' infix'd Graff, a grateful Mixture forms  
Of tart and sweet; whatever be the Cause,  
This doubtful Progeny by nicest Tastes,  
Expected best Acceptance finds, and pays  
Largest Revenues to the Orchat-Lord.

Some



Some think, the *Quince* and *Apple* wou'd combine  
In happy Union; Others fitter deem  
The *Stee*-Stem bearing *Sylvan* Plums austere.  
Who knows but Both may thrive? Howe'er, what  
To try the Pow'rs of Both, and search how far [loss  
Two different Natures may concur to mix  
In close Embraces, and strange Off-spring bear?  
Thou'lt find that Plants will frequent Changes try,  
Undamag'd, and their marriageable Arms  
Conjoin with others. So *Silurian* Plants  
Admit the *Peach*'s odoriferous Globe,  
And *Pears* of sundry Forms; at diff'rent times  
Adopted *Plums* will aliene Branches grace;  
And Men have gather'd from the *Hawthorn*'s Branch  
Large *Medlars*, imitating regal Crowns.

Nor is it hard to beautifie each Month  
With Files of particolour'd Fruits, that please  
The Tongue, and View, at once. So *Mars*'s Muse,  
Thrice sacred Muse! commodious Precepts gives  
Instructive to the Swains, not wholly bent  
On what is gainful: Sometimes she diverts  
From solid Counsels, shews the Force of Love  
In savage Beasts; how Virgin Face divine

Attracts

Attracts the hapless Youth thro' Storms, and Waves,  
 Alone, in deep of Night : Then she describes  
 The *Scythian* Winter, nor disdains to sing,  
 How under Ground the rude *Riphaean* Race  
 Mimic brisk *Cyder* with the Brakes Product wild;  
 Sloes pounded, Hips, and *Servis*' harshest Juice.

Let sage Experience teach thee all the Arts  
 Of Grafting, and In-Eyeing; when to lop  
 The flowing Branches; what Trees answer best  
 From Root, or Kernel: She will best the Hours  
 Of Harvest, and Seed-time declare; by Her  
 The different Qualities of things were found,  
 And secret Motions; how with heavy Bulk  
 Volatile *Hermes*, fluid and unmoist,  
 Mounts on the Wings of Air; to Her we owe  
 The *Indian* Weed, unknown to ancient Times,  
 Nature's choice Gift, whose acrimonious Fume  
 Extracts superfluous Juices, and refines  
 The Blood distemper'd from its noxious Salts;  
 Friend to the Spirits, which with Vapours bland  
 It gently mitigates, Companion fit  
 Of Pleasantry, and Wine; nor to the Bards  
 Unfriendly, when they to the vocal Shell

Warble

Warble melodious their well-labour'd Songs.

She found the polish'd Glass, whose small Convex  
Enlarges to ten Millions of Degrees

The Mite, invifible else, of Nature's Hand  
Least Animal; and shews, what Laws of Life

The Cheefe-Inhabitants observe, and how  
Fabricken their Mansions in the harden'd Milk,  
Wonderful Artists! But the hidden Ways  
Of Nature wouldst thou know? how first she frames

All things in Miniature? thy Specular Orb  
Apply to well-dissected Kernels; lo!

Strange Forms arise, in each a little Plant  
Unfolds its Boughs: observe the slender Threads  
Of first-beginning Trees, their Roots, their Leaves,  
In narrow Seeds describ'd; Thou'lt wond'ring say,  
An inmate Orchat ev'ry Apple boasts.

Thus All things by Experience are display'd,  
And Most improv'd. Then sedulously think  
To meliorate thy Stock; no Way, or Rule  
Be unassay'd; prevent the Morning Star  
Assiduous, nor with the Western Sun

Surcease to work; lo! thoughtful of Thy Gain,  
Not of my Own, I all the live-long Day  
Consume in Meditation deep, recluse

From



From human Converse, nor, at shut of Eve,  
Enjoy Repose; but oft at Midnight Lamp  
Ply my brain-racking Studies, if by chance  
Thee I may counsel right; and oft this Care  
Disturbs me slumbring. Wilt thou then repine  
To labour for thy Self? and rather chuse  
To lye supinely, hoping, Heav'n will bless  
Thy slighted Fruits, and give thee Bread unearn'd?

[Snakes,  
'Twill profit, when the Stork, sworn-Foe of  
Returns, to shew Compassion to thy Plants,  
Wasted with Breeding. Let the arched Knife  
Well sharpen'd now assail the spreading Shades  
Of Vegetables, and their thirsty Limbs  
Dissever: for the genial Moisture, due  
To Apples, otherwise mispends it self  
In barren Twigs, and, for th'expected Crop,  
Nought but vain Shoots, and empty Leaves abound.

When swelling Buds their od'rous Foliage shed,  
And gently harden into Fruit, the Wise  
Spare not the little Off-springs, if they grow  
Redundant; but the thronging Clusters thin  
By kind Avulsion: else, the starv'ling Brood,

Void

Void of sufficient Sustenance, will yield  
A slender Autumn; which the niggard Soul  
Too late shall weep, and curse his thrifty Hand,  
That wou'd not timely ease the pond'rous Boughs.

It much conduces, all the Cares to know  
Of Gard'ning, how to scare nocturnal Thieves,  
And how the little Race of Birds, that hop  
From Spray to Spráy, scooping the costliest Fruit  
Insatiate, undisturb'd. *Priapus'* Form  
Avails but little; rather guard each Row  
With the false Terrors of a breathless Kite.  
This done, the timorous Flock with swiftest Wing  
Scud thro' the Air; their Fancy represents  
His mortal Talons, and his rav'nous Beak  
Destructive; glad to shun his hostile Gripe,  
They quit their Thefts, and unfrequent the Fields.

Besides, the filthy Swine will oft invade  
Thy firm Inclosure, and with delving Snout  
The rooted Forest undermine: forthwith  
Alloo thy furious Mastiff, bid him vex  
The noxious Herd, and print upon their Ears  
A sad Memorial of their past Offence.

The flagrant *Procyon* will not fail to bring  
Large Shoals of slow House-bearing Snails, that  
creep

O'er the ripe Fruitage, paring slimy Tracts  
In the sleek Rinds, and unprest *Cyder* drink.  
No Art averts this Pest; on Thee it lies,  
With Morning and with Evening Hand to rid  
The preying Reptiles; nor, if wise, wilt thou  
Decline this Labour, which it self rewards  
With pleasing Gain, whilst the warm Limbec  
draws

Salubrious Waters from the nocent Brood.

Myriads of Wasps now also clustring hang,  
And drain a spurious Honey from thy Groves,  
Their Winter Food; tho' oft repulst, again  
They rally, undismay'd: but Fraud with ease  
Ensnares the noisom Swarms; let ev'ry Bough  
Bear frequent Vials, pregnant with the Dregs  
Of *Moyle*, or *Mum*, or *Treacle's* viscous Juice;  
They, by th'alluring Odor drawn, in haste  
Fly to the dulcet Cates, and crouding sip  
Their palatable Bane; joyful thou'lt see  
The clammy Surface all o'er-strown with Tribes

Of



Of greedy Insects, that with fruitless Toil  
Flap filmy Pennons oft, to extricate  
Their Feet in liquid Shackles bound, 'till Death  
Bereave them of their worthless Souls: Such doom  
Waits Luxury, and lawless Love of Gain!

Howe'er thou maist forbid external Force,  
Intestine Evils will prevail; damp Airs,  
And rainy Winters, to the Centre pierce  
Of firmest Fruits, and by unseen Decay  
The proper Relish vitiate: then the Grub  
Oft unobserv'd invades the vital Core,  
Pernicious Tenant, and her secret Cave  
Enlarges hourly, preying on the Pulp  
Ceaseless; mean while the Apple's outward Form  
Delectable the witless Swain beguiles,  
'Till, with a writhen Mouth, and spattering Noise,  
He tastes the bitter Morsel, and rejects  
Disrelisht; not with less Surprise, than when  
Embattled Troops with flowing Banners pass  
Thro' flow'ry Meads delighted, nor distrust  
The smiling Surface; whilst the cavern'd Ground,  
With Grain incentive stor'd, by sudden Blaze  
Bursts fatal, and involves the Hopes of War

In fiery Whirls; full of victorious Thoughts,  
Torn and dismembred, they aloft expire.

Now turn thine Eye to view *Alcinous'* Groves,  
The Pride of the *Phæacian* Isle, from whence,  
Sailing the Spaces of the boundless Deep,  
To *Ariconium* pretious Fruits arriv'd:  
The *Pippin* burnisht o'er with Gold, the *Moile*,  
Of sweetest hony'd Taste, the fair *Permain*,  
Temper'd, like comliest Nymph, with red and white.  
*Salopian* Acres flourish with a Growth  
Peculiar, styl'd the *Ottley*: Be thou first  
This Apple to transplant; if to the Name  
It's Merit answers, no where shalt thou find  
A Wine more priz'd, or laudable of Taste.  
Nor does the *Eliot* least deserve thy Care,  
Nor *John-Apple*, whose wither'd Rind, entrencht  
With many a Furrow, aptly represents  
Decrepid Age; nor that from *Harvey* nam'd,  
Quick-relishing: Why should we sing the *Thrift*,  
*Codling*, or *Pomroy*, or of pimpled Coat  
The *Russet*, or the *Cats-Head's* weighty Orb,  
Enormous in its Growth; for various Use  
Tho' these are meet, tho' after full repast  
Are oft requir'd, and crown the rich Desert?

What, tho' the *Pear*-Tree rival not the Worth  
Of *Ariconian* Products? yet her Freight  
Is not contemn'd, yet her wide-branching Arms  
Best screen thy Mansion from the fervent Dog  
Adverse to Life; the wintry Hurricanes  
In vain imploy their Roar, her Trunc unmov'd  
Breaks the strong Onset, and controls their Rage.  
Chiefly the *Bosbury*, whose large Increase,  
Annual, in sumptuous Banquets claims Applause.  
Thrice acceptable Bev'rage! could but Art  
Subdue the floating Lee, *Pomona's* self  
Would dread thy Praise, and shun the dubious Strife.  
Be it thy Choice, when Summer-Heats annoy,  
To sit beneath her leafy Canopy,  
Quaffing rich Liquids: Oh! how sweet t' enjoy,  
At once her Fruits, and hospitable Shade!

But how with equal Numbers shall we match  
The *Musk's* surpassing Worth! that earliest gives  
Sure hopes of racy Wine, and in its Youth,  
Its tender Nonage, loads the spreading Boughs  
With large and juicy Off-spring, that defies  
The Vernal Nippings, and cold Syderal Blasts!  
Yet let her to the *Red-streak* yield, that once



Was of the *Sylvan* Kind, unciviliz'd,  
Of no Regard, 'till *Scudamore's* skilful Hand  
Improv'd her, and by courtly Discipline  
Taught her the savage Nature to forget:  
Hence styl'd the *Scudamorean* Plant; whose Wine  
Who-ever tastes, let him with grateful Heart  
Respect that ancient loyal House, and wish  
The noble Peer, that now transcends our Hopes  
In early Worth, his Country's justest Pride,  
Uninterrupted Joy, and Health entire.

Let every Tree in every Garden own  
The *Red-streak* as supream; whose pulpous Fruit  
With Gold irradiate, and Vermilian shines  
Tempting, not fatal, as the Birth of that  
Primæval interdicted Plant, that won  
Fond *Eve* in hapless Hour to taste, and die.  
This, of more bounteous Influence, inspires  
Poetic Raptures, and the lowly Muse  
Kindles to loftier Strains; even I perceive  
Her sacred Virtue. See! the Numbers flow  
Easie, whilst, chear'd with her nectareous Juice,  
Hers, and my Country's Praises I exalt.  
Hail *Herefordian* Plant, that dost disdain

All other Fields! Heav'n's sweetest Blessing, hail!  
Be thou the copious Matter of my Song,  
And Thy choice *Nectar*; on which always waits  
Laughter, and Sport, and care-beguiling Wit,  
And Friendship, chief Delight of Human Life.  
What shou'd we wish for more? or why, in quest  
Of Foreign Vintage, insincere, and mixt,  
Traverse th'extreamest World? Why tempt the

Rage

Of the rough Ocean? When our native Glebe  
Imparts, from bounteous Womb, annual Recruits  
Of Wine delectable, that far surmounts  
*Gallic*, or *Latin* Grapes, or those that see  
The setting Sun near *Calpe*'s tow'ring Height.  
Nor let the *Rhodian*, nor the *Lesbian* Vines  
Vaunt their rich Must, nor let *Tokay* contend  
For Sov'ranty; *Phaneus* self must bow  
To th'*Ariconian* Vales: And shall we doubt  
T'improve our vegetable Wealth, or let  
The Soil lye idle, which, with fit Manure,  
Will largest Usury repay, alone  
Impower'd to supply what Nature asks  
Frugal, or what nice Appetite requires?  
The Meadows here, with bat'ning Ooze enrich'd,  
Give

Give Spirit to the Grass ; three Cubits high  
The jointed Herbage shoots ; th'unfallow'd Glebe  
Yearly o'ercomes the Granaries with Store  
Of Golden *Wheat*, the Strength of Human Life.  
Lo, on auxiliary Poles, the *Hops*  
Ascending spiral, rang'd in meet Array !  
Lo, how the Arable with *Barley*-Grain  
Stands thick, o'er-shadow'd, to the thirsty Hind  
Transporting Prospect ! These, as modern Use  
Ordains, infus'd, an Auburn Drink compose,  
Wholesome, of deathless Fame. Here, to the  
Sight,

Apples of Price, and plenteous Sheaves of Corn,  
Oft interlac'd occur, and both imbibe  
Fitting congenial Juice ; so rich the Soil,  
So much does fructuous Moisture o'er-abound !  
Nor are the Hills unamiable, whose Tops  
To Heav'n aspire, affording Prospect sweet  
To Human Ken ; nor at their Feet the Vales  
Descending gently, where the lowing Herd  
Chews verd'rous Pasture ; nor the yellow Fields  
Gaily' enterchang'd, with rich Variety  
Pleasing, as when an *Emerald* green, enchas'd  
In flamy Gold, from the bright Mass acquires



A nobler Hue, more delicate to Sight.  
Next add the *Sylvan* Shades, and silent Groves,  
(Haunt of the *Druids*) whence the Hearth is fed  
With copious Fuel ; whence the sturdy Oak,  
A Prince's Refuge once, th'æternal Guard  
Of *England's* Throne, by sweating Peasants fell'd,  
Stems the vast Main, and bears tremendous War  
To distant Nations, or with Sov'ran Sway  
Aws the divided World to Peace and Love.  
Why shou'd the *Chalybes*, or *Bilboa* boast  
Their harden'd Iron ; when our Mines produce  
As perfect Martial Ore ? Can *Tmolus'* Head  
Vie with our Safron Odours ? Or the Fleece  
*Batic*, or finest *Tarentine*, compare  
With *Lemster's* filken Wool ? Where shall we find  
Men more undaunted, for their Country's Weal  
More prodigal of Life ? In ancient Days,  
The *Roman* Legions, and great *Cæsar* found  
Our Fathers no mean Foes : And *Cressy* Plains,  
And *Agincourt*, deep-ting'd with Blood, confess  
What the *Silures* Vigour unwithstood  
Cou'd do in rigid Fight ; and chiefly what  
*Brydges'* wide-wasting Hand, first Garter'd Knight,  
Puissant Author of great *Ghandois'* Stemm,

High

High *Chandois*, that transmits Paternal Worth,  
Prudence, and ancient Prowess, and Renown,  
T'his Noble Off-spring. O thrice happy Peer!  
That, blest with hoary Vigour, view'st Thy self  
Fresh blooming in Thy Generous Son; whose Lips,  
Flowing with nervous Eloquence exact,  
Charm the wise Senate, and Attention win  
In deepest Councils: *Ariconium* pleas'd,  
Him, as her chosen Worthy, first salutes.  
Him on th' *Iberian*, on the *Gallic* Shore,  
Him hardy *Britons* bless; His faithful Hand  
Conveys new Courage from afar, nor more  
The General's Conduct, than His Care avails.

Thee also, Glorious Branch of *Cecil's* Line,  
This Country claims; with Pride and Joy to Thee  
Thy *Alterennis* calls: yet she endures  
Patient Thy Absence, since Thy prudent Choice  
Has fix'd Thee in the Muse's fairest Seat,  
Where *Aldrich* reigns, and from his endless Store  
Of universal Knowledge still supplies  
His noble Care; He generous Thoughts instills  
Of true Nobility, their Country's Love,  
(Chief End of Life) and forms their ductile Minds  
To

To Human Virtues: By his Genius led,  
Thou soon in every Art pre-eminent  
Shalt grace this Isle, and rise to *Burleigh's* Fame.

Hail high-born Peer! And Thou, great Nurse of  
Arts,  
And Men, from whence conspicuous Patriots spring,  
*Hammer*, and *Bromley*; Thou, to whom with due  
Respect *Wintonia* bows, and joyful owns  
Thy mitred Off-spring; be for ever blest  
With like Examples, and to future Times  
Proficuous, such a Race of Men produce,  
As, in the Cause of Virtue firm, may fix  
Her Throne inviolate. Hear, ye Gods, this Vow  
From One, the meanest in her numerous Train;  
Tho' meanest, not least studious of her Praise.

Muse, raise thy Voice to *Beaufort's* spotless Fame,  
To *Beaufort*, in a long Descent deriv'd  
From Royal Ancestry, of Kingly Rights  
Faithful Asserters: In Him centring meet  
Their glorious Virtues, high Desert from Pride  
Disjoin'd, unshaken Honour, and Contempt  
Of strong Allurements. O Illustrious Prince!



O Thou of ancient Faith! Exulting, Thee,  
In her fair List this happy Land inrolls.

Who can refuse a Tributary Verse  
To *Weymouth*, firmest Friend of slighted Worth  
In evil Days? whose hospitable Gate,  
Unbarr'd to All, invites a numerous Train  
Of daily Guests; whose Board, with Plenty  
crown'd,  
Revives the Feast-rites old: Mean while His Care  
Forgets not the afflicted, but content  
In Acts of secret Goodness, shuns the Praise,  
That sure attends. Permit me, bounteous Lord,  
To blazon what tho' hid will beauteous shine;  
And with Thy Name to dignifie my Song.

But who is He, that on the winding Stream  
Of *Vaga* first drew vital Breath, and now  
Approv'd in *Anna's* secret Councils sits,  
Weighing the Sum of Things, with wise Forecast  
Sollicitous of public Good? How large  
His Mind, that comprehends what-e'er was known  
To Old, or Present Time; yet not elate,  
Not conscious of its Skill? What Praise deserves  
His

His liberal Hand, that gathers but to give,  
Preventing Suit? O not unthankful Muse,  
Him lowly reverence, that first deign'd to hear  
Thy Pipe, and skreen'd thee from opprobrious  
Tongues.

Acknowledge thy Own *Harley*, and his Name  
Inscribe on ev'ry Bark; the wounded Plants  
Will fast increase, faster thy just Respect.

Such are our Heroes, by their Virtues known,  
Or Skill in Peace, and War: Of softer Mold  
The Female Sex, with sweet attractive Airs  
Subdue obdurate Hearts. The Travellers oft  
That view their matchless Forms with transient  
Glance,

Catch suddain Love, and sigh for Nymphs un-  
known,

Smit with the Magic of their Eyes; nor hath  
The Dædal Hand of Nature only pour'd  
Her Gifts of outward Grace; their Innocence  
Unfeign'd, and Virtue most engaging, free  
From Pride, or Artifice, long Joys afford  
To th'honest Nuptial Bed, and in the Wane  
Of Life, rebate the Miseries of Age.

D

And

And is there found a Wretch, so base of Mind,  
That Woman's pow'rful Beauty dares condemn,  
Exactest Work of Heav'n? He ill deserves  
Or Love, or Pity; friendless let him see  
Uneasie, tedious Days, despis'd, forlorn,  
As Stain of Human Race: But may the Man,  
That cheerfully recounts the Females Praise  
Find equal Love, and Love's untainted Sweets  
Enjoy with Honour. O, ye Gods! might I  
Elect my Fate, my happiest Choice should be  
A fair, and modest Virgin, that invites  
With Aspect chaste, forbidding loose Desire,  
Tenderly smiling; in whose Heav'nly Eye  
Sits purest Love enthron'd: But if the Stars  
Malignant, these my better Hopes oppose,  
May I, at least, the sacred Pleasures know  
Of strictest Amity; nor ever want  
A Friend, with whom I mutually may share  
Gladness, and Anguish, by kind Intercourse  
Of Speech, and Offices. May in my Mind,  
Indelible a grateful Sense remain  
Of Favours undeserv'd!-----O Thou! from whom  
Gladly both Rich, and Low seek Aid; most Wise  
Interpreter of Right, whose gracious Voice

Breaths



Breaths Equity, and curbs too rigid Law  
With mild, impartial Reason ; what Returns  
Of Thanks are due to Thy Beneficence  
Freely vouchsaf, when to the Gates of Death  
I tended prone? If Thy indulgent Care  
Had not preven'd, among unbody'd Shades  
I now had wander'd ; and these empty Thoughts  
Of Apples perish'd : But, uprais'd by Thee,  
I tune my Pipe afresh, each Night, and Day  
Thy unexampled Goodness to extoll  
Desirous ; but nor Night, nor Day suffice  
For that great Task ; the highly Honour'd Name  
Of *Trevor* must employ my willing Thoughts  
Incessant, dwell for ever on my Tongue.

Let me be grateful, but let far from me  
Be fawning Cringe, and false dissembling Look,  
And servile Flattery, that harbours oft  
In Courts, and gilded Roofs. Some loose the Bands  
Of ancient Friendship, cancell Nature's Laws  
For Pageantry, and tawdry Gugaws. Some  
Renounce their Sires, oppose paternal Right [vade,  
For Rule, and Power ; and other's Realms in-  
With specious Shews of Love. This traiterous  
Wretch D 2 Well

Betrays his Sov'ran. Others, destitute  
Of real Zeal, to ev'ry Altar bend,  
By Lucre sway'd, and act the basest Things  
To be styl'd Honourable: Th' Honest Man,  
Simple of Heart, prefers inglorious Want  
To ill-got Wealth; rather from Door to Door  
A jocund Pilgrim, tho' distress'd, he'll rove,  
Than break his plighted Faith; nor Fear, nor Hope,  
Will shock his stedfast Soul; rather debar'd  
Each common Privilege, cut off from Hopes  
Of meanest Gain, of present Goods despoil'd,  
He'll bear the Marks of Infamy, contemn'd,  
Unpity'd; yet his Mind, of Evil pure,  
Supports him, and Intention free from Fraud.  
If no Retinue with observant Eyes  
Attend him, if he can't with Purple stain  
Of cumbrous Vestments, labour'd o'er with Gold,  
Dazle the Croud, and set them all agape;  
Yet clad in homely Weeds, from Envy's Darts  
Remote he lives, nor knows the nightly Pangs  
Of Conscience, nor with Spectre's grisly Forms,  
*Dæmons*, and injur'd Souls, at Close of Day  
Annoy'd, sad interrupted Slumbers finds.  
But as a Child, (whose inexperience'd Age

Nor

Nor evil Purpose fears, nor knows,) enjoys  
Night's sweet Refreshment, humid Sleep, sincere.  
When Chaunticleer, with Clarion shrill, recalls  
The tardy Day, he to his Labours hies  
Gladsome, intent on somewhat that may ease  
Unhealthy Mortals, and with curious Search  
Examines all the Properties of Herbs,  
Fossils, and Minerals, that th' embowell'd Earth  
Displays, if by his Industry he can  
Benefit Human Race: Or else his Thoughts  
Are exercis'd with Speculations deep [Rules  
Of Good, and Just, and Meet, and th' wholesome  
Of Temperance, and aught that may improve  
The moral Life; not sedulous to rail,  
Nor with envenom'd Tongue to blast the Fame  
Of harmless Men, or secret Whispers spread,  
'Mong faithful Friends, to breed Distrust, and Hate.  
Studious of Virtue, he no Life observes  
Except his own, his own employs his Cares,  
Large Subject! that he labours to refine  
Daily, nor of his little Stock denies  
Fit Alms, to *Lazars*, merciful, and meek.

Thus sacred *Virgil* liv'd, from courtly Vice,  
And Baits of pompous *Rome* secure; at Court



Still thoughtful of the rural honest Life,  
And how t'improve his Grounds, and how himself:  
Best Poet! fit Exemplar for the Tribe  
Of *Phæbus*, nor less fit *Mæonides*,  
Poor eyeless Pilgrim! and if after these,  
If after these another I may name,  
Thus tender *Spencer* liv'd, with mean Repast  
Content, depress'd by Penury, and Pine  
In foreign Realm: Yet not debas'd his Verse  
By Fortune's Frowns. And had that Other Bard,  
Oh, had but He that first ennobled Song  
With holy Raptures, like his *Abdiel* been,  
'Mong many faithless, strictly faithful found;  
Unpity'd, he shou'd not have wail'd his Orbs,  
That roll'd in vain to find the piercing Ray,  
And found no Dawn, by dim Suffusion veil'd!  
But He ---- However, let the Muse abstain,  
Nor blast his Fame, from whom she learnt to sing  
In much inferior Strains, grov'ling beneath  
Th' *Olympian* Hill, on Plains, and Vales intent,  
Mean Follower. There let her rest a-while,  
Pleas'd with the fragrant Walks, and cool Retreat.





# CYDER.

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## B O O K II.

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*Harcourt*, Whom th'ingenuous Love  
of Arts

Has carry'd from Thy native Soil, be-  
yond

Th' eternal *Alpine* Snows, and now detains  
In *Italy's* waste Realms, how long must we  
Lament Thy Absence? Whilst in sweet Sojourn  
Thou view'st the Reliques of old *Rome*; or what,  
Un-

Unrival'd Authors by their Presence, made  
For ever venerable, rural Seats,  
*Tibur*, and *Tusculum*, or *Virgil's* Urn  
Green with immortal Bays, which haply Thou,  
Respecting his great Name, dost now approach  
With bended Knee, and strow with purple  
Flow'rs;

Unmindful of Thy Friends, that ill can brook  
This long Delay. At length, Dear Youth, return,  
Of Wit, and Judgment ripe in blooming Years,  
And *Britain's* Isle with *Latian* Knowledge grace.  
Return, and let Thy Father's Worth excite  
Thirst of Preeminence; see! how the Cause  
Of Widows, and of Orphans He asserts  
With winning Rhetoric, and well argu'd Law!  
Mark well His Footsteps, and, like Him, deserve  
Thy Prince's Favour, and Thy Country's Love.

Mean while (altho' the *Massic* Grape delights  
Pregnant of racy Juice, and *Formian* Hills  
Temper Thy Cups, yet) wilt not Thou reject  
Thy native Liquors: Lo! for Thee my Mill  
Now grinds choice Apples, and the *British* Vats  
O'erflow with generous Cyder; far remote



Accept this Labour, nor despise the Muse,  
That, passing Lands, and Seas, on Thee attends.

Thus far of Trees: The pleasing Task remains,  
To sing of Wines, and Autumn's blest Increase.  
Th' Effects of Art are shewn, yet what avails  
'Gainst Heav'n? Oft, notwithstanding all thy Care  
To help thy Plants, when the small Fruit'ry seems  
Exempt from Ills, an oriental Blast  
Disastrous flies, soon as the Hind, fatigu'd,  
Unyokes his Team; the tender Freight, unskill'd  
To bear the hot Disease, distemper'd pines  
In the Year's Prime, the deadly Plague annoys  
The wide Inclosure; think not vainly now  
To treat thy Neighbours with mellifluous Cups,  
Thus disappointed: If the former Years  
Exhibit no Supplies, alas! thou must,  
With tasteless Water wash thy droughty Throat.

A thousand Accidents the Farmer's Hopes  
Subvert, or cheque; uncertain all his Toil,  
'Till lusty Autumn's luke-warm Days, allay'd  
With gentle Colds, insensibly confirm  
His ripening Labours: Autumn to the Fruits  
Earth's

Earth's various Lap produces, Vigour gives  
 Equal, intenerating milky Grain,  
 Berries, and Sky-dy'd Plums, and what in Coat  
 Rough, or soft Rind, or bearded Husk, or Shell;  
 Fat *Olives*, and *Pistacio's* fragrant Nut,  
 And the *Pine's* tastful Apple: Autumn paints  
*Ausonian* Hills with Grapes, whilst *English* Plains  
 Blush with pomaceous Harvests, breathing Sweets.  
 O let me now, when the kind early Dew  
 Unlocks th' embosom'd Odors, walk among  
 The well rang'd Files of Trees, whose full-ag'd  
 Store

Diffuse *Ambrosial* Steams, than *Myrrh*, or *Nard*  
 More grateful, or perfuming flow'ry *Beane*!  
 Soft whisp'ring Airs, and the Lark's matten Song  
 Then woo to musing, and becalm the Mind [time,  
 Perplex'd with irksome Thoughts. Thrice happy  
 Best Portion of the various Year, in which  
 Nature rejoyceth, smiling on her Works  
 Lovely, to full Perfection wrought! but ah,  
 Short are our Joys, and neighb'ring Grievs disturb  
 Our pleasant Hours. Inclement Winter dwells  
 Contiguous; forthwith frosty Blasts deface  
 The blithsome Year: Trees of their shrivel'd Fruits  
 Are

Are widow'd, dreery Storms o'er all prevail.  
Now, now's the time; e'er hasty Suns forbid  
To work, disburthen thou thy sapless *Wood*  
Of its rich Progeny; the turgid Fruit  
Abounds with mellow Liquor; now exhort  
Thy Hinds to exercise the pointed Steel  
On the hard Rock, and give a wheely Form  
To the expected Grinder: Now prepare  
Materials for thy Mill, a sturdy Post  
*Cylindric*, to support the Grinder's Weight  
Excessive, and a flexile Sallow' entrench'd,  
Rounding, capacious of the juicy Hord.  
Nor must thou not be mindful of thy Press  
Long e'er the Vintage; but with timely Care  
Shave the Goat's shaggy Beard, least thou too late,  
In vain should'st seek a Strainer, to dispart  
The husky, terrene Dregs, from purer Must.  
Be cautious next a proper Steed to find,  
Whose Prime is past; the vigorous Horse disdains  
Such servile Labours, or, if forc'd, forgets  
His past Achievements, and victorious Palms.  
Blind *Bayard* rather, worn with Work, and Years,  
Shall roll th' unweildy Stone; with sober Pace  
He'll tread the circling Path 'till dewy Eve,

From



From early Day-spring, pleas'd to find his Age  
Declining, not unuseful to his Lord.

Some, when the Press, by utmost Vigour screw'd,  
Has drain'd the pulpos Mass, regale their Swine  
With the dry Refuse; thou, more wise, shalt steep  
Thy Husks in Water, and again employ  
The pondrous Engine. Water will imbibe  
The small Remains of Spirit, and acquire  
A vinous Flavour; this the Peasants blith  
Will quaff, and whistle, as thy tinkling Team  
They drive, and sing of *Fusca's* radiant Eyes, [now  
Pleas'd with the medly Draught. Nor shalt thou  
Reject the *Apple-Cheese*, tho' quite exhaust;  
Ev'n now 'twill cherish, and improve the Roots  
Of sickly Plants; new Vigour hence convey'd  
Will yield an Harvest of unusual Growth.  
Such Profit springs from Husks discreetly us'd!

The tender Apples, from their Parents rent  
By stormy Shocks, must not neglected lye,  
The Prey of Worms: A frugal Man I knew,  
Rich in one barren Acre, which, subdu'd  
By endless Culture, with sufficient Must

His Casks replenish yearly: He no more  
 Desir'd, nor wanted, diligent to learn  
 The various Seasons, and by Skill repell  
 Invading Pests, successful in his Cares,  
 'Till the damp *Libyan* Wind, with Tempests arm'd  
 Outrageous, bluster'd horrible amidst  
 His Cyder-Grove: O'erturn'd by furious Blasts,  
 The lightly Ranks fall prostrate, and around  
 Their Fruitage scatter'd, from the genial Boughs  
 Stript immature: Yet did he not repine,  
 Nor curse his Stars; but prudent, his fall'n Heaps  
 Collecting, cherish'd with the tepid Wreaths  
 Of tedded Grass, and the Sun's mellowing Beams  
 Rival'd with artful Heats, and thence procur'd  
 A costly Liquor, by improving Time  
 Equal'd with what the happiest Vintage bears.

But this I warn Thee, and shall alway warn,  
 No heterogeneous Mixtures use, as some  
 With watry Turneps have debas'd their Wines,  
 Too frugal; nor let the crude Humours dance  
 In heated Brass, steaming with Fire intense;  
 Altho' *Devonia* much commends the Use  
 Of strengthning *Vulcan*; with their native Strength  
 Thy Wines sufficient, other Aid refuse;

And, when th'allotted Orb of Time's compleat,  
Are more eommended than the labour'd Drinks.

Nor let thy Avaricé tempt thee to withdraw  
The Priest's appointed Share; with cheerful Heart  
The tenth of thy Increase bestow, and own  
Heav'n's bounteous Goodness, that will sure repay  
Thy grateful Duty: This neglected, fear  
Signal Avengeance, such as overtook  
A Miser, that unjustly once with-held  
The Clergy's Due; relying on himself,  
His Fields he tended with successless Care,  
Early, and late, when, or unwith't for Rain  
Descended, or unseasonable Frosts  
Curb'd his increasing Hopes, or when around  
The Clouds dropt Fatness, in the middle Sky  
The Dew suspended staid, and left unmoist  
His execrable Glebe; recording this,  
Be Just, and Wise, and tremble to transgress.

Learn now, the Promise of the coming Year  
To know, that by no flattering Signs abus'd,  
Thou wisely may'st provide: The various Moon  
Prophetic, and attendant Stars explain  
Each rising Dawn; e'er Icy Crufts surmount

The



The current Stream, the heav'nly Orbs serene  
 Twinkle with trembling Rays, and *Cynthia* glows  
 With Light unsully'd: Now the Fowler, warn'd  
 By these good Omens, with swift early Steps  
 Treads the crimp Earth, ranging thro' Fields and  
 Glades

Offensive to the Birds, sulphureous Death  
 Checques their mid Flight, and heedless while  
 they strain  
 Their tuneful Throats, the tow'ring, heavy Lead  
 O'ertakes their Speed; they leave their little Lives  
 Above the Clouds, præcipitant to Earth.

The Woodcocks early Visit, and Abode  
 Of long Continuance in our temperate Clime,  
 Foretell a liberal Harvest: He of Times  
 Intelligent, th'harsh *Hyperborean* Ice  
 Shuns for our equal Winters; when our Suns  
 Cleave the chill'd Soil, he backwards wings his Way  
 To *Scandinavian* frozen Summers, meet  
 For his num'd Blood. But nothing profits more  
 Than frequent Snows: O, may'st thou often see  
 Thy Furrows whiten'd by the woolly Rain,  
 Nutricious! Secret Nitre lurks within  
 The porous Wet, quick'ning the languid Glebe.

Sometimes thou shalt with fervent Vows implore  
A moderate Wind; the Orchat loves to wave  
With Winter-Winds, before the Gems exert  
Their feeble Heads; the loosen'd Roots then drink  
Large Increment, Earnest of happy Years.

Nor will it nothing profit to observe  
The monthly Stars, their pow'rful Influence  
O'er planted Fields, what Vegetables reign  
Under each Sign. On our Account has Jove  
Indulgent, to all Moons some succulent Plant  
Allotted, that poor, helpless Man might slack  
His present Thirst, and Matter find for Toil.  
Now will the *Corinths*, now the *Rasps* supply  
Delicious Draughts; the *Quinces* now, or *Plums*,  
Or *Cherries*, or the fair *Thisbeian* Fruit  
Are prest to Wines; the *Britons* squeeze the Works  
Of sedulous Bees, and mixing od'rous Herbs  
Prepare balsamic Cups, to wheezing Lungs  
Medicinal, and short-breath'd, ancient Sires.

But, if Thou'rt indefatigably bent  
To toil, and omnifarious Drinks wou'dst brew;  
Besides the Orchat, ev'ry Hedge, and Bush  
Affords Assistance; ev'n afflictive *Birch*,

Curs'd

Curs'd by unletter'd, idle Youth, distills  
A limpid Current from her wounded Bark,  
Profuse of nursing Sap. When Solar Beams  
Parch thirsty human Veins, the damask't Meads,  
Unforc'd display ten thousand painted Flow'rs  
Useful in Potables. Thy little Sons  
Permit to range the Pastures; gladly they  
Will mow the *Cowslip*-Posies, faintly sweet,  
From whence thou artificial Wines shalt drain  
Of icy Taste, that, in mid-Fervors, best  
Slack craving Thirst, and mirigate the Day.

Happy *Ierne*, whose most wholesome Air  
Poisons envenom'd Spiders, and forbids  
The baleful Toad, and Vipers from her Shore!  
More happy in her Balmy Draughts, (enrich'd  
With Miscellaneous Spices, and the Root  
For Thirst-abating Sweetness prais'd,) which wide  
Extend her Fame, and to each drooping Heart  
Present Redress, and lively Health convey.

See, how the *Belge*, Sedulous, and Stout,  
With Bowls of fat'ning *Mum*, or blisful Cups  
Of Kernell-relish'd Fluids, the fair Star  
Of early *Phosphorus* salute, at Noon



Jocund with frequent-rising Fumes! by Use  
Instructed, thus to quell their Native Flegm  
Prevailing, and engender wayward Mirth.

What need to treat of distant Climes, remov'd  
Far from the sloping Journey of the Year,  
Beyond *Petfora*, and *Islandic* Coasts?  
Where ever-during Snows, perpetual Shades  
Of Darkness, would congeal their livid Blood,  
Did not the *Arctic* Tract, spontaneous yield  
A cheering purple Berry, big with Wine,  
Intensely fervent, which each Hour they crave,  
Spread round a flaming Pile of Pines, and oft  
They interlard their native Drinks with choice  
Of strongest *Brandy*, yet scarce with these Aids  
Enabl'd to prevent the suddain Rot  
Of freezing Nose, and quick-decaying Feet.

Nor less the Sable Borderers of *Nile*,  
Nor who *Taprobane* manure, nor They,  
Whom sunny *Borneo* bears, are stor'd with Streams  
Egregious, *Rum*, and *Rice's* Spirit extract.  
For here, expos'd to perpendicular Rays,  
In vain they covet Shades, and *Thrascias'* Gales,  
Pining with *Æquinoctial* Heat, unless

The Cordial Glass perpetual Motion keep,  
Quick circuiting; nor dare they close their Eyes,  
Void of a bulky Charger near their Lips,  
With which, in often-interrupted Sleep,  
Their frying Blood compels to irrigate  
Their dry-furr'd Tongues, else minutely 'to Death  
Obnoxious, dismal Death, th'Effect of Drought!

More happy they, born in *Columbus'* World,  
*Carybbs*, and they, whom the *Cotton* Plant  
With downy-sprouting Vests array! Their Woods  
Bow with prodigious Nuts, that give at once  
Celestial Food, and Nectar; then, at hand  
The *Lemmon*, uncorrupt with Voyage long,  
To vinous Spirits added (heav'nly Drink!)  
They with Pneumatic Engine, ceaseless draw,  
Intent on Laughter; a continual Tide  
Flows from th'exhilarating Fount. As, when  
Against a secret Cliff, with foddain Shock  
A Ship is dash'd, and leaking drinks the Sea,  
Th'astonish'd Mariners ay ply the Pump,  
No Stay, nor Rest, 'till the wide Breach is clos'd.  
So they (but chearful) unfatigu'd, still move  
The draining Sucker, then alone concern'd,  
When the dry Bowl forbids their pleasing Work.

But

But if to hording Thou art bent, thy Hopes  
 Are frustrate, shou'dst Thou think thy Pipes will flow  
 With early-limpid Wine. The horded Store,  
 And the harsh Draught, must twice endure the Sun's  
 Kind strengthening Heat, twice Winter's purging  
 [Cold.

There are, that a compounded Fluid drain  
 From different Mixtures, *Woodcock, Pippin, Moyle,*  
 Rough *Eliot*, sweet *Permain*, the blended Streams  
 (Each mutually correcting each) create  
 A pleasurable Medly, of what Taste  
 Hardly distinguish'd; as the show'ry Arch,  
 With list'd Colours gay, *Or, Azure, Gules,*  
 Delights, and puzzles the Beholder's Eye,  
 That views the watry Brede, with thousand Shews  
 Of Painture vary'd, yet's unskill'd to tell  
 Or where one Colour rises, or one faints.

Some Cyders have by Art, or Age unlearn'd  
 Their genuine Relish, and of fundry Vines  
 Assum'd the Flavour; one fort counterfeits  
 The *Spanish* Product, this, to *Gauls* has seem'd  
 The sparkling *Nectar* of *Champaigne*; with that,  
 A *German* oft has swill'd his Throat, and sworn,  
 Deluded, that Imperial *Rhine* bestow'd



The Generous Rummer, whilst the Owner pleas'd,  
Laughs inly at his Guests, thus entertain'd  
With Foreign Vintage from his Cyder-Cask.

Soon as thy Liquor from the narrow Cells  
Of close-prest Husks is freed, thou must refrain  
Thy thirsty Soul ; let none persuade to broach  
Thy thick, unwholsom, undigested Cades :  
The hoary Frosts, and Northern Blasts take care  
Thy muddy Bev'rage to serene, and drive  
Præcipitant the baser, rosy Lees.

[all]  
And now thy Wine's transpicious, purg'd from  
It's earthy Gross, yet let it feed awhile  
On the fat Refuse, least too soon disjoin'd  
From spritely, it, to sharp, or vappid change.  
When to convenient Vigour it attains,  
Suffice it to provide a brazen Tube  
Inflex; self-taught, and voluntary flies  
The defecated Liquor, thro' the Vent  
Ascending, then by downward Tract convey'd,  
Spouts into subject Vessels, lovely clear.  
As when a Noon-tide Sun, with Summer Beams,  
Darts thro' a Cloud, her watry Skirts are edg'd  
With lucid Amber, or undrossy Gold;  
So, and so richly, the purg'd Liquid shines.

Now also, when the Colds abate, nor yet  
Full Summer shines, a dubious Season, close  
In Glass thy purer Streams, and let them gain,  
From due Confinement, Spirit, and Flavour new.

For this Intent, the subtle Chymist feeds  
Perpetual Flames, whose unresisted Force  
O'er Sand, and Ashes, and the stubborn Flint  
Prevailing, turns into a fusil Sea,  
That in his Furnace bubbles sunny-red:  
From hence a glowing Drop with hollow'd Steel  
He takes, and by one efficacious Breath  
Dilates to a surprizing Cube, or Sphere,  
Or Oval, and fit Réceptacles forms  
For every Liquid, with his plastic Lungs,  
To human Life subservient; By his Means  
Cyders in Metal frail improve; the *Moyle*,  
And tastful *Pippin*, in a Moon's short Year,  
Acquire compleat Perfection: Now they smoke  
Transparent, sparkling in each Drop, Delight  
Of curious Palate, by fair Virgins crav'd.  
But harsher Fluids different lengths of time  
Expect: Thy Flask will slowly mitigate  
The *Eliot's* Roughness. *Stirom*, firmest Fruit,  
Embottled (long as *Priameian Troy*  
With

Withstood the *Greeks*) endures, e'er justly mild.  
 Soften'd by Age, it youthful Vigor gains,  
 Fallacious Drink! Ye honest Men beware,  
 Nor trust its Smoothness; The third circling Glass  
 Suffices Virtue: But may Hypocrites,  
 (That flyly speak one thing, another think,  
 Hateful as Hell) pleas'd with the Relish weak,  
 Drink on unwarn'd, 'till by enchanting Cups  
 Infatuate, they their wily Thoughts disclose,  
 And thro' Intemperance grow a while sincere.

The Farmer's Toil is done; his Cades mature,  
 Now call for Vent, his Lands exhaust permit  
 T'indulge awhile. Now solemn Rites he pays  
 To *Bacchus*, Author of Heart-cheering Mirth.  
 His honest Friends, at thirsty hour of Dusk,  
 Come uninvited; he with bounteous Hand  
 Imparts his smoaking Vintage, sweet Reward  
 Of his own Industry; the well fraught Bowl  
 Circles incessant, whilst the humble Cell  
 With quavering Laugh, and rural Jest resounds.  
 Ease, and Content, and undissembled Love  
 Shine in each Face; the Thoughts of Labour past  
 Encrease their Joy. As, from retentive Cage  
 When sullen *Philomel* escapes, her Notes

She



She varies, and of past Imprisonment  
Sweetly complains ; her Liberty retriev'd  
Cheers her sad Soul, improves her pleasing Song.  
Gladsome they quaff, yet not exceed the Bounds  
Of healthy Temp'rance, nor incroach on Night,  
Season of Rest, but well bedew'd repair  
Each to his Home, with unsupplanted Feet.  
E'er Heav'n's emblazon'd by the rose Dawn  
Domestic Cares awake them; brisk they rise,  
Refresh'd, and lively with the Joys that flow  
From amicable Talk, and moderate Cups  
Sweetly' interchang'd. The pining Lover finds  
Present Redress, and long Oblivion drinks  
Of Coy *Lucinda*. Give the Debtor Wine;  
His Joys are short, and few; yet when he drinks  
His Dread retires, the flowing Glasses add  
Courage, and Mirth: magnificent in Thought,  
Imaginary Riches he enjoys,  
And in the Goal expatiates unconfin'd.  
Nor can the Poet *Bacchus'* Praise indite,  
Debarr'd his Grape: The Muses still require  
Humid Regalement, nor will aught avail  
Imploring *Phoebus* with unmoisten'd Lips.  
Thus to the generous Bottle all incline,  
By parching Thirst allur'd: With vehement Suns  
When

When dusty Summer bakes the crumbling Clods,  
How pleasant is't, beneath the twisted Arch  
Of a retreating Bow'r, in Mid-day's Reign  
To ply the sweet Carouse, remote from Noise,  
Secur'd of fev'rish Heats! When th' aged Year  
Inclines, and *Boreas*' Spirit blusters frore,  
Beware th' inclement Heav'ns; now let thy Hearth  
Crackle with juiceless Boughs; thy lingring Blood  
Now instigate with th' Apples powerful Streams.  
Perpetual Showers, and stormy Gusts confine  
The willing Ploughmæn, and *December* warns  
To Annual Jollities; now sportive Youth  
Carol incondite Rhythms, with suiting Notes,  
And quaver unharmonious; sturdy Swains  
In clean Array, for rustic Dance prepare,  
Mixt with the Buxom Damsels; hand in hand  
They frisk, and bound, and various Mazes weave,  
Shaking their brawny Limbs with uncouth Mein,  
Transported, and sometimes, an oblique Leer  
Dart on their Loves, sometimes an hasty Kiss  
Steal from unwary Lasses; they with Scorn,  
And Neck reclin'd, resent the ravish'd Bliss.  
Mean while, blind *British* Bards with volant Touch  
Traverse loquacious Strings, whose solemn Notes  
Provoke to harmless Revels; these among,

A subtle Artist stands, in wondrous Bag  
That bears imprison'd Winds, (of gentler sort  
Than those, which erst *Laertes* Son enclos'd.)  
Peaceful they sleep, but let the tuneful Squeeze  
Of labouring Elbow rouse them, out they fly  
Melodious, and with spritely Accents charm.  
'Midst these Disports, forget they not to drench  
Themselves with bellying Goblets, nor when Spring  
Returns, can they refuse to usher in  
The fresh-born Year with loud Acclaim, and store  
Of jovial Draughts, now, when the sappy Boughs  
Attire themselves with Blooms, sweet Rudiments  
Of future Harvest: When the *Gnosian* Crown  
Leads on expected Autumn, and the Trees  
Discharge their mellow Burthens, let them thank  
Boon Nature, that thus annually supplies  
Their Vaults, and with her former Liquid Gifts  
Exhilarates their languid Minds, within  
The Golden *Mean* confin'd: Beyond, there's naught  
Of Health, or Pleasure. Therefore, when thy Heart  
Dilates with fervent Joys, and eager Soul  
Prompts to pursue the sparkling Glass, be sure  
'Tis Time to shun it; if thou wilt prolong  
Dire Compotation, forthwith Reason quits  
Her Empire to Confusion, and Misrule,

And



And vain Debates; then twenty Tongues at once  
Conspire in senseless Jargon, naught is heard  
But Din, and various Clamour, and mad Rant:  
Distrust, and Jealousie to these succeed,  
And anger-kindling Taunt, the certain Bane  
Of well-knit Fellowship. Now horrid Frays  
Commence, the brimming Glasses now are hurl'd  
With dire Intent; Bottles with Bottles clash  
In rude Encounter, round their Temples fly  
The sharp-edg'd Fragments, down their batter'd  
Cheeks

Mixt Gore, and Cyder flow: What shall we say  
Of rash *Elpenor*, who in evil Hour  
Dry'd an immeasurable Bowl, and thought  
T'exhale his Surfeit by irriguous Sleep,  
Imprudent? Him, Death's Iron-Sleep oppress'd,  
Descending careless from his Couch; the Fall  
Luxt his Neck-joint, and spinal Marrow bruis'd.  
Nor need we tell what anxious Cares attend  
The turbulent Mirth of Wine; nor all the kinds  
Of Maladies, that lead to Death's grim Cave,  
Wrought by Intemperance, joint-racking Gout,  
Intestine Stone, and pining Atrophy,  
Chill, even when the Sun with *July*-Heats.  
Frys the scorch'd Soil, and Dropsy all a-float;

Yet craving Liquids: Nor the *Centaur's* Tale  
Be here repeated; how with Lust, and Wine  
Inflam'd, they fought, and spilt their drunken Souls  
At feasting Hour. Ye Heav'nly Pow'rs, that guard  
The *British* Isles, such dire Events remove  
Far from fair *Albion*, nor let Civil Broils  
Ferment from Social Cups: May we, remote  
From the hoarse, brazen Sound of War, enjoy  
Our humid Products, and with seemly Draughts  
Enkindle Mirth, and Hospitable Love.

Too oft alas! has mutual Hatred drench'd  
Our Swords in Native Blood, too oft has Pride,  
And hellish Discord, and insatiate Thirst  
Of other's Rights, our Quiet discompos'd.  
Have we forgot, how fell Destruction rag'd  
Wide-spreading, when by *Eris'* Torch incens'd  
Our Fathers warr'd? What Hero's, signaliz'd  
For Loyalty, and Prowess, met their Fate  
Untimely, undeserv'd! How *Bertie* fell,  
*Compton*, and *Granvill*, dauntless Sons of *Mars*,  
Fit Themes of endless Grief, but that we view  
Their Virtues yet surviving in their Race!  
Can we forget, how the mad, headstrong Rout  
Defy'd their Prince to Arms, nor made account  
Of Faith, or Duty, or Allegiance sworn?

Apostate, Atheist Rebels! bent to Ill,  
With seeming Sanctity, and cover'd Fraud  
Instill'd by him, who first presum'd to oppose  
Omnipotence; alike their Crime, th' Event  
Was not alike; these triumph'd, and in height  
Of barbarous Malice, and insulting Pride,  
Abstain'd not from Imperial Blood. O Fact  
Unparallel'd! O Charles! O Best of Kings!  
What Stars their black, disastrous Influence shed  
On Thy Nativity, that Thou shou'dst fall  
Thus, by inglorious Hands, in this Thy Realm,  
Supreme, and Innocent, adjudg'd to Death  
By those, Thy Mercy only wou'd have sav'd!  
Yet was the Cyder-Land unstain'd with Guilt;  
The Cyder-Land, obsequious still to Thrones,  
Abhor'd such base, disloyal Deeds, and all  
Her Pruning-hooks extended into Swords,  
Undaunted, to assert the trampled Rights  
Of Monarchy; but, ah! successful She  
However faithful! then was no Regard  
Of Right, or Wrong. And this, once Happy, Land  
By home-bred Fury rent, long groan'd beneath  
Tyrannic Sway, 'till fair-revolving Years  
Our exil'd Kings, and Liberty restor'd.  
Now we exult, by mighty ANNA's Care



Secure at home, while She to foreign Realms  
Sends forth her dreadful Legions, and restrains  
The Rage of Kings: Here, nobly She supports  
Justice oppress'd; here, Her victorious Arms  
Quell the Ambitious: From Her Hand alone  
All *Europe* fears Revenge, or hopes Redress.  
Rejoice, O *Albion*! sever'd from the World  
By Nature's wise Indulgence, indigent  
Of nothing from without; in One Supreme  
Intirely blest; and from beginning time  
Design'd thus happy; but the fond Desire  
Of Rule, and Grandeur, multiply'd a Race  
Of Kings, and numerous Sceptres introduc'd,  
Destructive of the public Weal: For now  
Each Potentate, as wary Fear, or Strength,  
Or Emulation urg'd, his Neighbour's Bounds  
Invades, and ampler Territory seeks  
With ruinous Assault; on every Plain  
Host cop'd with Host, dire was the Din of War,  
And ceaseless, or short Truce haply procur'd  
By Havoc, and Dismay, 'till Jealousy  
Rais'd new Combustion: Thus was Peace in vain  
Sought for by Martial Deeds, and Conflict stern:  
'Till *Edgar* grateful (as to those who pine  
A dismal half-Year Night, the orient Beam

Of *Phœbus* Lamp) arose, and into one  
Cemented all the long-contending Pow'rs,  
Pacific Monarch; then her lovely Head  
Concord rear'd high, and all around diffus'd  
The Spirit of Love; at Ease, the Bards new strung  
Their silent Harps, and taught the Woods, and Vales,  
In uncouth Rhythms, to echo *Edgar's* Name.  
Then Gladness smil'd in every Eye; the Years  
Ran smoothly on, productive of a Line  
Of wise, Heroic Kings, that by just Laws  
Establish'd Happiness at home, or crush'd  
Insulting Enemies in farthest Climes.

See Lyon-hearted *Richard*, with his Force  
Drawn from the North, to *Jury's* hallow'd Plains!  
Piously valiant, (like a Torrent swell'd  
With wintry Tempests, that disdains all Mounds,  
Breaking a Way impetuous, and involves  
Within its Sweep, Trees, Houses, Men) he press'd  
Amidst the thickest Battel; and o'er-threw  
What-e'er withstood his zealous Rage; no Pause,  
No Stay of Slaughter, found his vigorous Arm,  
But th' unbelieving Squadrons turn'd to Flight  
Smote in the Rear, and with dishonest Wounds  
Mangl'd behind: The *Soldan*, as he fled,

Of

Oft call'd on *Alla*, gnashing with Despite,  
And Shame, and murmur'd many an empty Curse.)

Behold Third *Edward's* Streamers blazing high  
On *Gallia's* hostile Ground! his Right withheld,  
Awakens Vengeance; O imprudent *Gauls*,  
Relying on false Hopes, thus to incense  
The warlike *English*! one important Day  
Shall teach you meaner Thoughts: Eager of Fight,  
Feirce *Brutus* Off-spring to the adverse Front  
Advance resiftless, and their deep Array  
With furious Inroad pierce; the mighty Force  
Of *Edward*, twice o'erturn'd their desperate King,  
Twice he arose, and join'd the horrid Shock:  
The third time, with his wide-extended Wings,  
He fugitive declin'd superior Strength,  
Discomfited; persu'd, in the sad Chace  
Ten Thousands ignominious fall; with Blood  
The Vallies float: Great *Edward* thus aveng'd,  
With golden *Iris* his broad Shield emboss'd.

[Tongues  
Thrice glorious Prince! whom, Fame with all her  
For ever shall resound. Yet from his Loins  
New Authors of Dissention spring; from him  
Two Branches, that in hosting long contend

For



For Sov'ran Sway; (and can such Anger dwell  
In noblest Minds?) but little now avail'd  
The Ties of Friendship; every Man, as lead  
By Inclination, or vain Hope, repair'd  
To either Camp, and breath'd immortal Hate,  
And dire Revenge: Now horrid Slaughter reigns;  
Sons against Fathers tilt the fatal Lance,  
Careless of Duty, and their native Grounds  
Distain with Kindred Blood, the twanging Bows  
Send Showers of Shafts, that on their barbed Points  
Alternate Ruin bear. Here might you see  
Barons, and Peasants on th' embattled Field  
Slain, or half dead, in one huge, ghastly Heap  
Promiscuously amass: with dismal Groans,  
And Ejulation, in the Pangs of Death  
Some call for Aid, neglected; some o'erturn'd  
In the fierce Shock, lye gasping, and expire,  
Trampled by fiery Coursers; Horror thus,  
And wild Uproar, and Desolation reign'd  
Unrespited: Ah! who at length will end  
This long, pernicious Fray? What Man has Fate  
Reserv'd for this great Work?----Hail, happy Prince  
Of *Tudor's* Race, whom in the Womb of Time  
*Gadwallador* foresaw! Thou, Thou art He,

Great

Great *Richmond Henry*, that by nuptial Rites  
 Must close the Gates of *Janus*, and remove  
 Destructive Discord: Now no more the Drum  
 Provokes to Arms, or Trumpet's Clangor shrill  
 Affrights the Wives, or chills the Virgin's Blood;  
 But Joy, and Pleasure open to the View  
 Uninterrupted! With presaging Skill  
 Thou to Thy own unitest *Fergus' Line*  
 By wise Alliance; from Thee *James* descends,  
 Heav'n's chosen Fav'rite, first *Britannic King*.  
 To him alone, Hereditary Right  
 Gave Power supreme; yet still some Seeds remain'd  
 Of Discontent; two Nations under One,  
 In Laws and Int'rest diverse, still persu'd  
 Peculiar Ends, on each Side resolute  
 To fly Conjunction; neither Fear, nor Hope,  
 Nor the sweet Prospect of a mutual Gain,  
 Cou'd ought avail, 'till prudent *ANNA* said  
 LET THERE BE UNION; strait with Reve-  
 rence due  
 To Her Command, they willingly unite,  
 One in Affection, Laws and Government,  
 Indissolubly firm; from *Dubris* South,  
 To Northern *Orcades*, Her long Domain.

And

And now thus leagu'd by an eternal Bond,  
What shall retard the *Britons'* bold Designs,  
Or who sustain their Force; in Union knit,  
Sufficient to withstand the Pow'rs combin'd  
Of all this Globe? At this important Act  
The *Mauritanian* and *Cathaian* Kings  
Already tremble, and th' unbaptiz'd *Turk*  
Dreads War from utmost *Thule*; uncontrol'd  
The *British* Navy thro' the Ocean vast  
Shall wave her double Cross, t'extreamest Climes  
Terrific, and return with odorous Spoils  
Of *Araby* well fraught, or *Indus'* Wealth,  
Pearl, and Barbaric Gold; mean while the Swains  
Shall unmolested reap, what Plenty strows  
From well stor'd Horn, rich Grain, and timely Fruits.  
The elder Year, *Pomona*, pleas'd, shall deck  
With ruby-tinctur'd Births, whose liquid Store  
Abundant, flowing in well blended Streams,  
The Natives shall applaud; while glad they talk  
Of baleful Ills, caus'd by *Bellona's* Wrath  
In other Realms; where-e'er the *British* spread  
Triumphant Banners, or their Fame has reach'd  
Diffusive, to the utmost Bounds of this  
Wide Universe, *Silurian* Cyder borne  
Shall please all Tasts, and triumph o'er the Vine.

T H E E N D.



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